# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## BARRY OF BERNARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY B. J. HOWE.

["One of the most remarkable of the Dogs of St. Bernard was Barry, who is known to have saved the lives of at least *forty* individuals. After a life of active service, Barry was sent down the mountain to a warm and comfortable home, where he passed the rest of his days in honorable quiet. At his death his body was carefully buried, and his skin was stuffed,—and there he may be seen in the Museum of Berne, standing as large as life, with his collar and bottle round his neck, ready to start on his labors of love!"—*School Visitor.*]

Wildly the winds on their wintry course are howling,
Singing their dirges on every Alpine height;
Darkly the skies from their clouded depths are scowling,
Leaving no star to illuminate the night.
Yet there is one who, no danger ever heeding,
Faithfully is toiling, nor claiming a reward;
Forth on his errand of mercy he is speeding—
Noble Barry, brave Barry of Bernard!
Famous Barry! faithful Barry!
Noble Barry of Bernard!

Ever when tempests fearfully are raging,
Drifting the gorges with deep and blinding snow,
He in his labors cheerfully engaging,
Forth to the rescue of travellers will go.
Vainly the Storm King may rage and roar around him,
Rain, hail, or snow he will never once regard;
Trusty and true the bewildered e'er have found him,
Noble Barry, brave Barry of Bernard!
Famous Barry! faithful Barry!
Noble Barry of Bernard!

Thus on Life's journey, when clouds of gloom are o'er us,
Dark when misfortunes are gathering round our way,
Nobly performing the work that is before us,
May we go forward through each successive day.
Thus may we ever, alive to true emotion,
Shrink from no duty though oft it seemeth hard,
Taking in this, as a type of self-devotion,
Noble Barry, brave Barry of Bernard,
Famous Barry! faithful Barry!
Noble Barry of Bernard!

## GUARDIAN AND WARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Up and down a gloomy corridor of a stately house, a little girl paced, a shy, timid look in her mournful eyes, a nervous tremor and shrinking of the slight frame if her quick ear caught the sound of a step in the direction of the library, where a pale, grave man sat and pored over ponderous tomes.

She longed yet dreaded for him to come forth. The loving heart of the child yearned for a warmer greeting than the simple clasp of the hand and grave accents of welcome which he had bestowed upon her the night previous, when he lifted her from the carriage at Heatherstone Place. Yet, when she thought him approaching, she would start and turn pale, even shrink away from sight sometimes, and hide in the folds of the heavy damask curtains shading the window at the end of the long corridor.

All day she had watched and waited thus vainly. Chill and cold were the gloom and silence of this stately home, after a life of gaiety, sunshine and affection. Her little heart ached with a sorrow before unknown, and at length she threw herself down upon the carpet in the shadow of the curtains, and sobbed with a fullness of woe of which she had never dreamed.

Orphaned and alone in the wide world; no hand to raise her; no voice to speak tenderly in her ear words of comfort and affection! What wonder the poor child felt miserable and homesick—starving for sympathy, and none to be found?

"Oh! mamma—papa!" she moaned in her grief. "I am so lonely! Why did you go away from me? I don't want to stay here! I want to come too!" And again passionate sobs shook her little frame.

Mark Heatherstone, forgetful of all the world beyond his own thought realm, had come out of the library, and with arms crossed over his breast, betook himself to pacing the corridor as the child had done for hours before. He had even forgotten that she was in the house, a dependent upon him for care and tenderness, when the sound of her sobs reached and startled him.

With rapid, silent strides, making no sounds by his footfall upon the thick carpet, he reached the window and looked pityingly down upon the delicate girl stretched upon the floor in the abandonment of grief. A deep look of trouble crept into his eyes as he gazed. What could he do? Why did she grieve? His heart was tender and pitiful enough for all suffering if he saw it, but to relieve was another question. A recluse and a student all his life, his paths had led through silent places. With all his wisdom and wonderful acquirements, the one greatest, noblest lesson of life was yet unlearned—to heal the broken heart and bind up the wounds of the afflicted.

After a moment's troubled hesitation, he timidly stooped and raised her from the floor, speaking in kind tones, full of sincerity, at least:

"What is it, my child? Why do you cry? Are you ill? Why do you stay out here alone and in the gloom?"

"Because I have nobody to go to," she sobbed, dropping her tear-wet face in her hands. "Mamma and papa are both gone, and there is no one else. I am not sick; I cry because I feel so lonely." And the dreary pathos of her tones touched him to the heart.

"What have you been doing all day?" he again asked, at a loss what else to do save to ask her questions. She roused herself to reply more steadily.

"I looked over some books this morning, sir; but the most of the time I have been out here. I was afraid to disturb you if I should go into the library, and I hoped you would come out."

"Then you have been alone, and watching for me. Poor child! No wonder you were sad and home-sick. I did not think of it, and supposed you were with the servants somewhere, or at play. You play, don't you?"

She lifted her eyes questioningly.

"On the piano, sir?"

"No, with dolls and such things. Is it not the way children amuse themselves?"

"Oh, yes—*little* girls do; but I don't any more. I have to study now, and learn how to become a young lady. Mamma told me a long time ago that I must give up such things as dolls and toys."

Mr. Heatherstone smiled involuntarily.

"Why, how old are you, little one, that you should ignore childhood, with this child's face and form?"

"I am fifteen, sir, and I have been to boarding-school a year. If mamma had not died, I should not have come away from school for a long time, only at vacations, you know."

The guardian looked bewildered and awed. It was worse even than he thought. What could he do with a young miss of fifteen? What was expected of him? In desperation he turned and paced the corridor for several moments, revolving the knotty question in his mind, with vain attempts to solve it, while she stood regarding him wonderingly with her large, wistful eyes. In utter despair he paused at length, and exclaimed mentally:

"I'll wait and see how things go. Perhaps she'll help me herself, by some suggestion, after a while." So, with this bright idea suddenly dispelling the thick cloud of present difficulty, he stretched out his hand to Genevieve smilingly.

"Would you like to come with me to the library, child, and look over some books? Did you not say you were reading this morning? You like books, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—dearly!" with eagerness, clasping the fingers he had extended with confidence, and tripping down the corridor with a light, free step, while he walked gingerly at her side, as if afraid she was some frail, delicate thing which might easily fall to pieces at his feet. It was comical to see the evident fear of disaster he entertained. After all, perhaps, it was no great wonder. Mark Heatherstone had never had brothers or sisters, and this was the first time in his remembrance, that the velvety touch of slender girlish fingers had rested upon his own. It was all novel and strange to him; but had he not been so mortally afraid, it certainly would not have been unpleasant.

They entered the library and he led her about, showing her his favorite books at which she looked in some dismay. The great Greek and Latin tomes appalled her, and she would raise her eyes from the yellow pages to his face with an expression of mingled awe and respect.

In a few moments she was relieved to observe that he had taken up a book casually and to all appearances forgotten her presence. Gradually his attention became wholly absorbed, and she roamed at will from shelf to shelf, examining what she would, till wearied she at last drew a stool to Mr. Heatherstone's feet and sat down with a portfolio of prints upon her lap.

The little clock on the mantel chimed ten, and the guardian looked up as if waking from a dream. He came out of a land peopled with strange, heathenish creatures to find himself in his great chair, a book before him upon the table, and a fair young girl at his feet, her golden hair flowing in waves around her white shoulders—her sweet, innocent face earnestly bent over the portfolio. For a moment all his thoughts were in a maze, and he fancied he had been transported to some unknown land. But as remembrance came back, his lips wreathed themselves slowly with smiles, and he actually laughed, a low, pleasant, mellow laugh, such as had not for years been heard in that room.

"Why, Eve, can it be possible! I had forgotten! You came here to be entertained, and I lost myself entirely—and with myself, my object."

"Oh, never mind, Guardy. I have been doing splendidly. I found so many pretty things, and these prints are lovely. Where did you get them, Guardy?"

He stooped over her to examine, and replied with a sigh.

"My mother gathered them in Europe years ago. They were hers, and she loved them. It has been a long time since that port-folio was opened."

Eve's sweet face was grave in a moment.

"Your mother is dead, too?"

"Yes, since I was a mere boy."

"And you miss her, don't you, Guardy?"

"Miss her! yes, child. I never missed anything else in my life. But many a time I have roused from my dreams over these pages, to wish that my mother could come and bend over me, her soft hand on my hair—her warm lips on my brow. If my mother had lived, I had been less selfish, perhaps."

Genevieve rose and laid the prints on a table. Then she came back to his side and confidingly placed her arms around his neck.

"I have lost my mother, too, Guardy, and I haven't got anybody to love me now. I wish you'd love me a little, and let me come in here and make it pleasant for you. I should be so happy. I should care for you a great deal, and wouldn't let you miss your mother."

The man of solitude—who for years had passed the days in silence and loneliness, sat still and breathless under the caress. It was so strange and sweet, he feared to move, lest it might be but a dream of his imagination. Could it be possible that he had never before understood the full measure of his longings—the unrest that rose from lack of love and sympathy? Hitherto the world had been to him nothing—be nothing to the world, except an object of curiosity, sometimes of unsought pity—sometimes of derision. But he knew not of it, and heeded it not. Now he was slowly waking to the knowledge that there was something passingly sweet and satisfying in companionship and affection. If this child could but love him!—but how was it possible, with his sombre moods and ways?

As if in defiance of his reasoning, her rosy lips were pressed upon his forehead and the sweet voice whispered:

"Will you love me, Guardy? And will you let me love you?"

With an impulse, surprising himself at his daring, he gathered the delicate form to his bosom and pressed his lips to the mass of golden curls. While he held her there, a step was on the threshold, and the eyes of the old housekeeper rested on him, wide with astonishment.

"Mr. Heatherstone, it is past ten and you have not dined yet, sir. Sophia has gone wild about the young lady, fearing she was lost. No one dreamed she could have ventured in here."

"I found her in the corridor crying with homesickness, and I brought her here myself," he answered rising, while she still clung to his arm in her delight.

"Brought her in here!" cried the housekeeper still more amazed. "Well, indeed, it is a strange day for all when the master of Heatherstone wakes from his dreams to notice a smile or a tear. God be thanked for the waking!"

Again Mr. Heatherstone smiled, with something of wonder in his eyes.

"Why should you care if I sleep or wake?" he asked earnestly.

"We are all human," answered the old lady, "and it's not a bright way of passing a short existence, to be housed up year after year with a master who would not know it if half of us should die under his roof, and who might be dead himself and we none the wiser, if I were as much afraid to intrude upon you as some of the servants are.

The man dropped his eyes thoughtfully, a faint tinge of color staining his pale cheeks. The old lady's words stung him, for they conveyed a reproach never before breathed in his ear. The dawn of a faint light showed him a figure wrapped up in selfish thoughts and pursuits, ignoring the claims of the world and even his own household. That figure was his own, and a feeling of shame came with the light, for he was not void of feeling.

Meanwhile, Genevieve had ordered refreshments brought to the library, and before her guardian could realize the metamorphosis that was going on, she had a fire blazing in the grate, casting out a warm, ruddy glow, while a little table, spread with a snowy cloth, bore a tempting collation over which she aspired to preside.

"Here, wheel your great chair to the table, Guardy, and I'll make your tea. It is so late you are to have a tea-dinner, and then Mrs. Ghaston says I must retire. Don't it look nice and cosy in here?"

"It does indeed. One would think you a fairy, Eve, if you were to put off your dark robes for white ones. My library has suddenly been transformed into a grotto where Elfs reign supreme, and you are the visible queen. Are you happier now, Eve?"

"Yes, sir. I do not feel sad as I did a little while ago. Guardy, I thought as I walked up and down that gloomy place with no one to speak to me, no one to care if I sorrowed alone, that I'd rather be dead than at this grand, old mansion. I could not bear to stay in the servant's hall, and my own room looked so cold and stately after my little bright chamber at home. Sophia had been telling me about you—how quiet and grave you were, and how they all kept out of your way, till I grew to fear the thought of your coming near me. Still I did want you to come out and speak to me, to tell me that you cared for me a little, and that I should be welcome to your home."

"Why, you did not doubt your welcome, did you, Eve?"

"I don't know, sir. I was afraid I might give you some trouble, and you would wish me away. I can't be in the house with you and yet never come near you at all, as the servants are."

"Nor do I wish it," he answered; "come in here when you like, child; do what you will fearlessly. I shall like it; and God knows I would not cast a blight on the young life of the only child of my father's friend. Had he known me, Eve, he would never have trusted so tender a flower in my hands when dying. But doubtless, he deemed me a true type of the friend that is gone, and no one on earth could have better fulfilled the trust reposed in me in his stead, had my father been living. Yet I will not abuse his confidence, child; and if you can be happy here, it will make me happy to know it. I suspect you will have to teach me, though, Eve."

She regarded him in wonder and amusement.

"Teach you how to make me happy, Guardy! Oh, how funny! You told me just now I might do as I pleased, did you not?"

"Yes. Does happiness consist in full liberty of action with young girls?"

"To be sure! What more could I want. If you just let me alone, and never scold and worry when I come in and out, I shall be as happy as a queen. This is a splendid place. Only for the grave-like look of its splendor, I should lose myself in admiration. But it awes me with all the great doors and windows closed, and the grand furniture shrouded like mummies. Guardy, may I have the house aired and wake it up from its long slumber? Mrs. Ghaston says you have waked, and you ought to let the house wake with you."

"Do what you like," he assented, warmed into genial humor by the glow and sparkle of the bright blaze, and the animation of her young face. He could not have refused her anything then.

Soon after, Sophia tapped at the door, and waited to attend her young mistress to her own room. The girl obeyed the summons reluctantly, pausing by Mr. Heatherstone's chair to lay her soft cheek against his in a loving caress, as she murmured,

"Good-night, Guardy."

"Good-night, my child," with a thrill of inexpressible tenderness in his voice. Then he held her fast for a moment after, stroking her hair with his hands very softly. When he bent over the little figure in parting near the door, his lips sought her brow, then her cheek, his heart stilled and thrilled by a new sense of joy as she bounded away and her light steps died upon the stairs.

Mark Heatherstone did not go back to his books that night, but paced softly to and fro, thinking about Eve, the fair innocent child whose heart had warmed toward him until it thawed his own into human emotions. What a change a few hours had wrought in his feelings! It was as if he had suddenly passed into a new state of existence, where his thoughts and interests centred in others to a degree that bewildered him.

The following morning he rose with a remembrance of the past night outlined in his mind like some story of the East full of brightness and beauty. Closing his eyes for a moment as he sat down to wait the answer to his ring for breakfast, the fair face of his ward rose before his vision until the sweetness of the sensation it brought took away his breath. He did not know how deep was the hold she had taken upon his affections—nay, that he loved her with a love that was stronger for the very novelty of the sentiment. Had there been any one to tell him how matters stood with his own heart, he would have laughed in scorn at the idea—for she was but a child, and he had never known what it was to love. Even if he had, the disparity of years would have rendered it absurd in his eyes, for he was verging upon thirty, and seeming older than he really was from habits of study through long and silent years. They had left pallor upon his face and silver in his hair which strongly contrasted with the golden bright tresses and soft, rosy face of the beautiful child! How absurd to think of such a thing as love in connection with her!

The sound of a sob roused him from his reverie, and he looked from his window upon the slender girlish form of Eve in the piazza beneath, where she bowed in grief over a dead bird. With rapid steps he descended the stairs, and was about to pass out through a glass door to the yard, when Eve entered and laid the dove in his hand. Tears were on her cheeks, and her lovely face clouded with sadness as she bent her head to gaze upon it, standing close before him as he smoothed down the feathers over its beautiful breast.

"Poor bird," he murmured. "Its life work is over."

"Yes, and I shall miss it so much," quivered through her lips. "It was poor mamma's pet, and all I have left of her. I have watched and tended it so long, and now that I am here and meant to bring her to you to see how pretty she

was, I find her dead in her cage when I wake. Guardy, I am afraid to love anything any more. It is sure to go away from me. All that I care for dies."

"Hush, Eve. You must not talk so," and he lifted the bird to his cheek caressingly. "This little dove must have been old if she was your mother's pet before she came into your possession. She gave her meed of joy to a heart that is still; she has made you happy by her companionship, and now that her mission is fulfilled, and you enter upon new scenes and into new interests, she sleeps well. We will bury her in the garden, and tend her resting place tenderly as you will; but don't grieve, my child."

Eve dried her tears and looked up very gratefully.

"I had not thought about that, Guardy. Birdie has lived a long time, and may be she needed rest. I am glad you made me think of it."

After breakfast, which ward and guardian took together in the great breakfast-room, Mr. Heatherstone went with Eve to the garden, and selected a place for the dead bird. The housekeeper watched them from a window in speechless wonder at her young master's transformation, for no less did she look upon it, as she saw him rousing from his dream-life to take part in the real, stirring world. Had she not feared that he would soon relapse into his old habits, her heart would have been lighter that day than it had been for many, many years. Mark had been her care, and the object of profound solicitude since the death of his mother, and his silent, studious habits were a sore grief when she remembered the position to which his name and wealth entitled him, and the brilliant circles he seemed fitted to adorn. Burying himself among his books, careless of his advantages and the gay world that lay beyond his stately walls, seemed to her like a willful waste of life's most golden sands. She could never reconcile herself to the thought of such an existence for Mark Heatherstone.

Later in the day, the good soul groaned in spirit when she saw her master re-enter the library with the old preoccupied expression upon his pale face. He had not even seen her as he passed her door, where she stood regarding him, and was as deaf to her voice as he was blind to her presence.

"Back to his books! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Why can't Mark Heatherstone give up the dead Past for the living Present? He is throwing away the most splendid life that ever came into the world!"

Eve heard the groan and pondered over the words in the quiet of her own room. Here was a quick and ready intellect, and soon grasped the cause of the worthy housekeeper's sorrow in its length and breadth. No sooner was this done, than she proceeded to the library, every vestige of fear having vanished under the kindness of his manner since he first noticed her presence on the night before.

Her tap was light upon the door, and he evidently did not hear it. Without waiting, therefore, for an invitation, she walked in and found him sitting with his arms resting upon a table, his face between his two hands. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and gave it a gentle shake.

"Guardy, I have come to give you a lecture, sir."

He roused with a bewildered air, then catching the grave, earnest expression of the girlish face and eyes, smiled kindly.

"Oh! it is you, Eve! You come to lecture me—for what, pray?"

Without ceremony, she drew a chair in front of him, seated herself, and folded her hands upon her lap.

"I will begin by asking you some questions. First, why do you mope here in this great, grand, dark room, as if you were afraid to see the blessed light of the sun? What is there here so attractive?"

"My books. I love to read and study, and care for little else."

"What good do your books do you?"

"Why, I learn wisdom, gain knowledge, of course. And you must know, my little catechist, that knowledge is power."

"Pooh! Of what use is all your knowledge and power? You shut yourself from the world to gain it, and when you die the world will be none the better for what you have gained. This is what my mother would have called 'burying your talents in a napkin.' Men of noble minds will conceive noble purposes, and, what is more, carry them out for the good of others. You ignore your highest duties, sir, and even your own household move about you in sadness and distress. Are you going to be so selfish all your life? What do you mean to do with all your knowledge?"

"What am I going to do? Really, I do not know. I have not thought of anything particularly."

Eve held up her hands in pretended horror, interrupting him with quick exclamations!

"Guardy! Guardy! You astound me! You, a great, strong man, with a great big home and plenty of money to use for whatever you like! Just think of the happiness you might give to people around you if you would but try! Now listen to me, Guardy. I have something to say to you of great importance." And her voice fell into quiet and confidential seriousness, while Mr. Heatherstone sat staring at her in stupid amazement, wondering if all girls of her age were so precocious.

"Go on," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"Well—now pray be particularly attentive, Guardy. You know you have me to take care of now, and I am almost a young lady. You do not mean to bury me alive, do you? Now tell me what you are going to do—send me to school again, get a governess here, or supply me with teachers? This is an important matter, and requires immediate action."

"Bless me! so it does! I had not thought about that. Which would you like best, Eve?"

"Teachers, of course, if you leave me to decide. Shall I propose to you what would be nice?"

"Yes, by all means."

"Then get a music and drawing master for me, and yourself direct my studies. You must be better than a hundred governesses, and this practice of imparting what you gain to somebody else, even on so small a scale, will have a wholesome effect upon you. Does the idea please you, sir?"

"Yes, indeed—to be sure! It is very good, Eve, indeed. When would you like to begin?"

Eve burst into a little silvery peal of laughter that sounded strangely in that gloomy room.

"Why, that is for you to say. I am pupil—you teacher. You must tell me when to begin, what to study, and make me obey you faithfully in every way. I will try to be very good, Guardy, and not give you much trouble."

Mr. Heatherstone grasped at the proposition with something like real interest. His face was bright with smiles as he answered:

"It shall be as you say, my little girl. To-morrow I will go and find teachers for you, and we will begin your studies at once. I am not sure but a more active life will do me good, and your coming will prove a blessing to me."

"Certainly—I mean it shall. I have my 'aim' already, and it shall be my mission to carry joy and gladness wherever I go—and especially into the home that is to be mine for time indefinite. I am going to fling all Heatherstone Place open to the sunshine, and show you what beauty there is in the extreme contrast to its present gloom. You have been sadly selfish and neglectful, Guardy"—shaking her head solemnly. "I wonder you are not afraid, when God has been so good to you."

Mr. Heatherstone started, and looked troubled. Already he was beginning to feel the truth of her words.

"I think," continued the young reformer, "that as you intend to look out for teachers for me, you had better go to-day. Perhaps you will not find those who will suit at once, and we ought to be ready to begin systematically by the first of next week. If they are engaged to come then, we can select our books and put everything in order. Then there will be no hinderances to our progress if I am persevering and study hard, which I mean to do. Some day I want to do a great deal of good, and I can't, if I do not study. As you say, knowledge is power; but I shall use mine when I get it, Guardy, and not waste it, as you do. Oh, I will make everybody so happy! You cannot think of all the grand things I am laying out for myself, Guardy."

Having roused Mr. Heatherstone and set his wits actively to work in one direction, Genevieve danced out of the room well satisfied with her effort, and sped away to Mrs. Ghaston, to whom she imparted the proposed measures animatedly.

"And he is going to-day to find a music and drawing master for me," she asserted at the close.

"Ah, it's too good to be true," was the doleful response. "He has forgotten all about it already, and is buried to his eyes in piles of old yellow Greek that would puzzle the Saints themselves."

But he had not forgotten it, and bewildered the old lady by a bright glance and smile as he took his hat and gloves to set out upon his novel mission. In the enthusiasm of her delight, Mrs. Ghaston caught Eve to her bosom the moment his form disappeared through the doorway.

"Oh, you little angel! It was a blessed day for us when your wee foot pressed the threshold of this dreary home! God save you from sorrow in it, and may it be as bright as you deserve."

"We'll make it bright, Mrs. Ghaston. If we want things fair, we cannot have them so in any other way so soon as to go to work and make them so. My dear mother taught me this, and many other things I can see the use for now; and I will try to use them properly. Where is the wisdom of fretting over things we can remedy! I believe God meant that we should all be happy."

"And yet you have not always been so," murmured the old lady, stroking the golden hair with a caressing fondness of manner.

"No;" and Eve's eyes filled. "I try to be, because mamma told me that God is always right, and does things for our good, if we love Him. The greatest lesson we have to learn is faith. When she died I thought it very hard. Indeed I have always found it hard to be satisfied when he takes those I love from me. But I am learning. I cannot see things as He does—I know that; so I just mean to trust Him, and bear whatever He sends as well as I can."

A large tear fell upon her hair, and the old lady again bent to kiss the fair forehead. Her voice trembled and was husky as she answered.

"You have learned in your childhood what others fail to learn through a lifetime of suffering. I with my gray hairs, have failed to apply the wisdom of His teachings to the trials of daily life, as you are doing."

Eve's impulsive bosom heaved with sympathy, and her little arms were instantly around Mrs. Ghaston's neck.

"Then I will help you," she said, softly, "for I believe in God's love and mercy; and He has promised us that He will grant what we ask, if we believe in Him. I mean to ask Him to make you satisfied and happy."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## A VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

She hath a quiet grace—
The one I love!
A tender, saint-like face—
The one I love!
She is set with virtues rare,
Like as pearls with rubies are:
The one I love!

She hath no fickle mood—
The one I love!
But is simply true and good—
The one I love!
As she smiles on me to-day,
So she'll smile on me alway:
The one I love!

She reigns my heart's own queen—
The one I love!
I her happy subject am—
The one I love!
Run her fortunes rough or smooth,
To the end I'll loyal prove:
The one I love!

☞ General Pope is in St. Louis, commanding the several departments of which that is the head-quarters. Major-Generals Dodge and Curtis are under Gen. Pope.

What color, sir, should be a horse,
That's yours, and yours alone?
D'you give it up? Why, sir, of course,
That horse must be your roan.

☞ Rev. Mr. Bulkley, pastor of a church at Winsted, Ct., has been dismissed, simply from the fact that he *would skate!*

☞ A notorious miser having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed: "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms. I have almost a mind to turn beggar."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 18, 1865

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☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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## THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c. &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

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## NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to Messrs. Lee & Walker, No. 722 Chestnut street, for the following new pieces of music of their publication:—

I Built a Bridge of Fancies. Song. Written by Miss Mvine. Music composed by A. Fricker.

My Boy How Can I See You Die? A Reply to Dear Mother I've Come Home to Die. Words by Louise Barrow. Music by Henry Tucker.

"Pa Has Struck Ile." Written and composed by C. Archer.

The Peace of the Valley is Fled. Words by E Fitzhall. Music by S. D S.

The Brook is Purling. Serenade for Voice and Piano. Composed by Emma S. Stevens.

Tilly Schottische. The Children's Wreath. No 2. Composed by E. Mack.

Paul and Virginia. Waltz and Galop. By E. Mack.

Mireille. Selections from Gounod's New Opera Mireille. Arranged for the Piano by J. A. Getze.

Lieutenant-General Grant's Grand March. Composed by E Mack.

Major-General Sheridan's Grand Victory March. By E Mack.

And the Great Piece of the Season, The Rock Beside the Sea. Romance for the Piano. By Edward Hoffman, author of "The Mocking Bird," "No One to Love," &c.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Published by John Bradburn, New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

High Life in Washington. By Mrs N. P. Lasalle, author of "The Belle of Washington," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Beautiful Widow. By Mrs. Percy B. Shelley, author of Frankinstein, &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Enoch Arden. By Alfred Tennyson. A twenty-five cent edition. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Jack Adams, the Pirate and Mutineer, and Tom Bowling's Adventures. Two novels, by Capt. Chamier, R N. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Family Secrets. A Companion to "Family Pride" and "Pique." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

House and Home Papers. By Christopher Crowfield. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Boy Slaves. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Illustrated. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Brother's Secret. By William Godwin, Jr. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The American Journal of Medical Sciences. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

The Atlantic Monthly, for February. Our Young Folks, for February. Harper's Magazine, for February.

## THE OIL-BORER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. COLLINS.

With fingers greasy and soiled,
Torn coat and ragged old hat,
With breeches all thread-bare and spoiled,
On the ground the oil-borer sat.
Many days had he been there alone,
Still holding the trembling rod,
While he hummed, in a sad and sleepy tone,
A tune to make any one nod.

Oil! oil! oil!
Ah! why don't it rise from the well?
A little comes up every day,—
How little I dare not tell.
It seems that it takes it all
To grease the lengthening screw,
And if it should fail to ooze a drop,
I wouldn't know what to do.

Bore! bore! bore
Through rock and slate and sand,
A thousand tedious feet or more—
And yet no flow at hand.
My neighbors all around,
Say that the signs are good—
Confound it! a single quart of oil
Would stir my very blood.

Oil! oil! oil!
When shall I strike the vein?
If I don't hit it soon I shall never see
The tenth of my money again.
Why cannot I pour some down
As in a wheezy old pump,
To grease the throat of the dry oil well,
And bring it up with a jump?

Bore! bore! bore!
I've worked till I've gone almost mad;
No sound but the creak of the long iron rod,
Nor oil my heart to make glad.
No matter, I'll bore on and on,
As long as my purse shall hold out,
For a twenty-five-barrel well
Is under this spot, I don't doubt.

With fingers greasy and soiled,
With eyelids heavy with sleep,
On the cold bare ground sat a withered old man,
Still boring the oil-well deep.
Want and hunger and cold
He had suffered intensely and long,
But still, in a voice dry and husky with age,
He hummed the oil-borer's song.

## Fashionable Intelligence.

The Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal, in a letter dated January 12th, describes the latest fashion in wearing hair at the Tuileries ball on the 11th. He says:—

The hair no longer hangs *a la Grecque* on the neck behind, but is brought forward and threatens all offenders in helmet fashion on the summit of the head. "The promissory organs," as the satirists of phrenology denominate those low down towards the nape of the neck, and which have hitherto been concealed by the hair, now stand revealed in all their indiscretion. It is a horrible thing to relate, but the truth must be told. The parting runs all along the top of the head without any straight line in front, and the short frizzy curls round the brow have replaced the noble looking bandeaux drawn back from the forehead, and showing "the good lumps" to the best advantage.

Is it any consolation to learn that the fashion has been imposed by the hair dressers themselves, for we search in vain for any great name connected with its introduction. The matter was put to vote, so we understand, at the last Assembly of Coiffeurs, held at Salle Moliere—the Assembly of Taste—which takes place twice a year to determine the fashions. Twelve young ladies are submitted to the experimental practice of the newest thing of the great Paris hair dressers, and this year, almost by unanimity, the preference was awarded to Leopold's coiffure Empire, and thus has ugliness proclaimed her supremacy over taste and elegance for the year.

☞ A Boston newspaper-carrier recently recovered $400 of a man whose dog bit him while he was leaving his paper.

☞ The Ohio House of Representatives is discussing the question of electing a young lady as clerk of that body. The subject was referred to the Judiciary Committee, to report whether such an election would be constitutional.

☞ A Mrs. Van Alst, of Brooklyn, N. Y., went to sleep last Christmas night, and woke up January 19th. She complained of feeling a little stiff. She is 49 years of age, and the facts of her long sleep are well known.

☞ West Virginia is now absolutely and unconditionally a free state.

☞ Edward Everett left no will, and his estate will be divided among the heirs at law. Application has been made for letters of administration.

☞ From Coburg it is stated that Count Sepel, Minister and Secretary to the reigning Duke, and who is 60 years of age, is about to be married to a young lady who has seen but sixteen summers.

☞ Always give a narrow-minded man a wide berth.

## Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### Pink.

Pink, or rose-color, derives its signification from red and white. Red is Divine Love, White Divine Truth and Wisdom; their synthesis denotes *the love of the Divine Wisdom.* This is analagous to the signification of *yellow*, which also denotes love and wisdom, and is derived, according to the laws of symbols, from red and white.

The difference between the two cases, is, that in yellow the two attributes of the Deity are confounded in one, while in pink, their distinctiveness is preserved. Gold and yellow are superior in signification to the latter, having reference to God and to His Revelation; while rose color indicates the regenerate man by whom the Word is received.

Both the rose and its color were symbols of the first degree of regeneration, and of initiation into the mysteries. There existed a relation between baptism, which opened the gates of the sanctuary to the Neophyte, and this color, of which a trace yet remains in the etymology of the Latin word *rosa*, which is plainly derived from *ros*, rain, dew. Horapello says that the Egyptians represented the human sciences by water descending from heaven; it should be understood that among this people the sciences were locked up in the temples and revealed only to the initiated. The rose also was the symbol of regeneration among them; the ass of Apulius recovered the human form by devouring a wreath of roses presented to him by the grand priest of Isis. For, in fact, it is only by appropriating the love and the wisdom of God, signified by red and white, and by their union in the rose, that the regenerated convert divests himself of his brutal passions and becomes really a man.

In the sacred books of India, dew or soft rain is symbolical of the Divine Word. "O, great Soma, let the dew of thy Divine Word flow down upon us."* The color rose has the same signification.

The Bible confirms the signification of these symbols. "My doctrine (says Moses) shall drop as the rain; my speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the tender grass."† Herbage and verdure, as has been shown before, represent the beginning of regeneration. "The inanimate shall revive, (says Isaiah,) the dead shall arise; awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall give up its dead."‡

The same prophet exclaims: "Drop down, O ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.

The same idea is reproduced in the Bible under the symbol of the rose; only the rose tree is the image of regenerate man, and the dew of regeneration. "Wisdom," says the book of Ecclesiasticus, "is exalted like the rose-tree of Jericho."§ And in another place: "Ye apply yourselves to wisdom, hearken to me, and flourish as the rose when it is planted by a river."‖

Is not the river the emblem of baptismal washing, the source of wisdom?

A servile philosophy would teach us to believe that these expressions are only figures of rhetoric. Our own poesy is dead, and the life which animates the poetry of the Bible is beyond our comprehension. The history of every symbol, however, demonstrates that the prophets were not mere artists in tropical language, these hieroglyphics being discovered with the same significations among all the peoples of antiquity.

Claudian says that it rained gold in the Isle of Rhodes at the birth of Minerva. Now the Isle of Rhodes, or of *roses*, according to the Greek and Latin, indicates the mysteries of initiation. At the birth of Minerva—that is to say, at the birth of Wisdom, or the dawn of the regenerate life—it rains gold, because the Neophyte receives the spiritual baptism of the Divine Word, rain and gold having this signification.

The rose was a symbol of both wisdom and love, and accordingly we should expect to find it consecrated to Venus as well as to Minerva. The former goddess, who was personified in the mysteries, loved Adonis; *Adonai* is one of the names of God in the Bible. Adonis was killed by a wild boar, and Venus collected his blood and transformed him into an anemone, which is a red flower. Hearing the cry of her beloved, and hastening with naked feet, a thorn wounded her, and the white rose was dyed red with the blood of the goddess.

The rose was a memorial of death among the ancients, because it was one of the symbols of initiation, the first degree of which was an image of bodily death. On occasion of the festivals denominated *Rosalia* they scattered roses upon the tombs of the deceased. The *rosalia cœa* were masses of food accompanied with roses. Hecate, the *dea feralis*, or funeral goddess of the Romans, presided at death. She was occasionally represented with a garland of five leaved roses on her head.¶ The number five, like the rose, indicates the commencement of a new state.

The different significations attributed to this color in antiquity, reappear in the symbolic science of the middle ages. Even among the barbarians of the North, we find traditions which may be traced to an Oriental origin, and to a later union with the emblems of Christianity.

E. Z. S.

* Bhagavat, p. 6.
† Deut. xxxii 2.
‡ Isaiah, xxvi 19.
§ Eccle. xxiv. 14.
‖ Is. xxxv 17.
¶ Noel: *Dictionaire de la Fable.*

☞ A bounty-jumper deserted from Gallop's Island, Boston harbor, last week, by unlocking his irons. A girl who visited him had a key made which fitted the padlock of the irons; when she kissed him at parting she managed to transfer the key from her mouth into his without being detected.

☞ A submarine torpedo was exploded 462 feet down in an oil well near Titusville, Pa., on Saturday, making the oil and water shoot 30 feet into the air, and the earth groan like a monster in death agonies. The well had ceased to yield, but as soon as the disturbance subsided oil appeared on the surface as fast as it could be dipped off with a sand pump. The theory is that the oil veins got stopped up with paraffine, and the torpedo blew them open again.

☞ Madame de Stael said, "If it were not for my respect for human opinion, I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time; while I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a man of genius whom I had not seen."

## Terrible Petroleum Conflagration.

Loss of Life and Property—Over Seventy Buildings Burned.

We do not generally record in the Post the usual round of local items, but the details of the recent fire on the early morning of the 6th, are of such a character as to warrant our quoting the following account from the columns of the North American:

That every depot for the manufacture or storage of crude petroleum is destined sooner or later to make a conflagration was illustrated yesterday morning, by a fire the most serious in extent of ground burned over, and in loss of life, that has occurred since the great burning in Philadelphia in 1850.

It began in an extensive depot for the storage of petroleum, in Washington avenue, above Ninth street, and was first discovered by policeman Orr, of the first police district. The buildings consisted of four large sheds, and the lot extended back nearly to Ellsworth street. The extensive lot was nearly all occupied by barrels of coal oil, piled tier upon tier. The place was a sort of bonded warehouse for this product, and was in charge of the firm of Blackburn & Co. Three thousand barrels of coal oil were stored here.

When the site was thus disposed of the people residing in the vicinity objected. With the general conviction that crude petroleum is about as dangerous as gunpowder, the community in general is seriously impressed. Finding other remonstrance useless, the people residing in the vicinity united in signing a petition to Councils to prevent the intended storing of oil. The matter came before Councils, but the Mayor assured them, as was the fact, that the Legislature alone could give relief, and that the remedy was to enter prosecution in the courts against the parties in question. We remember that in one case a whole neighborhood united in preventing the existence of an intended coal oil refinery, and by the aid of High Constable Harry Clark the scheme was frustrated by the intervention of the courts.

In the case of Messrs. Blackburn & Co. the sheds were erected, the lot cleared, and the coal oil stored there in immense quantities. It was in constant course of shipment and arrival, just as it is upon the lots beyond Market street bridge—a structure that, from the same cause, may possibly yet share the fate of the houses surrounding the Washington street yard, that now lie in ruins. Many of the people then residing near the yard sought other habitations, but, in the exceeding scarcity of houses, the vacated dwellings were immediately occupied.

Ninth street, below Washington, is built up principally with three story brick dwellings, occupied mainly by respectable families of limited means—the houses renting, we should judge, for from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The first street below Washington street is Ellsworth, the next is Federal, both of which streets had, in that vicinity, about the same class of dwellings upon them as those upon Ninth street. Upon the southwest corner of Ninth and Washington streets there is a coal yard, belonging to Messrs. Daily & Porter, and immediately west of this, upon Washington street, was the lot of Blackburn & Co.

Policeman Orr, who is a very intelligent and faithful man, says that about half past two o'clock, while walking his beat ankle deep in slush, he saw the fire flashing from one of the spacious sheds, among the barrels. He gave the alarm upon the instant, and with direful forebodings, as he knew all the perils of the place, and also the feeling that existed in the vicinity concerning it. His misgivings proved but too well founded. Before the nearest engine could reach the spot one shed was filled with flame, while under the eaves of the shed ascended an ominous column of smoke, blacker than the thunder clouds of the tropics. The heat caused the upper tier of barrels to burst; the oil poured down over the rest, ran blazing over the ground, and by the time the firemen reached the spot all four of the sheds were sending up columns of dark red flame, that imprinted its glare upon the entire southern sky. Wild excitement and deadly fear seized upon all in the vicinity. Everywhere there were commotion and alarm. Let the reader light a single coal oil lamp with the wick at smoking height. Let him multiply the volume of that light by the inflammable product of two thousand barrels filled with coal oil, and he will not refuse to credit our statement that small print could be read by the light of that terrible blaze at the distance of nearly two squares.

People in the immediate neighborhood rushed from their houses as best they could. Dozens of people ran in utter panic into the streets, just as they left their beds, all unmindful of the slush, six inches deep, that covered the sidewalks as well as the streets. Those who were most prompt saved their lives, but terrible to relate, a number who were tardy in their movement, or over confident of safety, perished. The streets after the snow storm of the day previous, and of the rain that followed the snow in four hours' duration, were in extremely bad condition. The firemen saw that they could only control the spread of the flames, and that to extinguish the fire was impossible.

As molten lava would course down the sides of Vesuvius, did the burning coal oil, floating upon the water in the swollen gutters, course in its gradual descent until it found the level of the sewers. This liquid fire thus found a channel into Ninth street, and down Ninth past Ellsworth, thence down to the sewer in Federal street, and along all that course it set fire to the houses on both sides of the street, spreading equal destruction in Washington, Ellsworth and Federal streets, both above Ninth and below it. That area is now a mass of blackened ruins.

The space between the railroad tracks on Ninth streets was literally a canal of Tartarean fire. The intense heat of the current can be seen in the rails, warped and bent, and in the cobble-stones cracked and riven by the same agency. The fronts of houses many yards distant from any fire are blistered beyond recognition by the heat.

So fast ran the blazing oil, that to save any property in the vicinity of the yards was impossible. It is the property of coal oil, when burning, to evolve impenetrable smoke. So dense is it that the fire beneath is at times obscured. It was thus that in rushing from their houses into this smoke men, women and children stepped from their very doors into the fatal fire. There stands now in Ninth street, between Washington and Federal streets, scarce a house of which anything remains but tottering walls. Furniture, clothing everything in these houses was gone. Even farther down the street, where families were taking out their household goods, the liquid fire came upon them, and the half-rescued property was lapped up by its thirsty tongue. The coal yard adjoining the oil yard was filled with piles of coal, and among them ran the blazing oil. At four o'clock the solid unbroken sheet of flame covered this whole ground. There was not in it one single break. No such fire has ever before occurred in Philadelphia. It was as the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, into which the water thrown by the steamers did but sink, like the water of the snow that had previously covered the ground, to swell the remorseless current that bore upon its bosom the element of destruction. There were as many houses on fire at one moment as would have stretched a continuous length of five squares, and of these at least fifty are wrecks. Many of the standing walls must be levelled, and since yesterday morning cordons of police have prevented pedestrians from passing the dangerous spot. The Ninth street cars must of course pass through, but the inexorable ropes are replaced the instant the vehicles have gone beyond them.

*The Property Destroyed.*—The Fire Marshal was early on the ground, and the reporters arousing the policemen of the beat before their hours for going upon day duty, sought for information concerning the identity of the sufferers.

Six dwellings on the south side of Ninth street, next to the corner of Washington street, adjoining the coal yard, were annihilated at the first start.

In front of the one nearest Washington street three persons were burned to death, and more bodies are supposed to be buried in the ruins. The next house, No. 1128, was occupied by Captain Joseph H. Ware. The occupant of one of the other houses threw his wife from the window. Her back was broken by the fall, and she is reported to have perished in the flames. Captain Ware's family consisted of himself, wife, five daughters, and two sons. They all rushed into the street just as they left their beds. Mrs. Ware had her youngest child, a girl of about five years of age, in her arms. She fell, and Lewis C. Williams, a member of the Moyamensing Hose Company, made a desperate effort to save her. He grasped her, but was compelled by the fierceness of the flames to abandon her to her fate. Mrs. Ware, her child, and a daughter, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, were burned to death in the street, and so horribly mutilated that their remains can only be identified by circumstances. Captain Ware and his two sons escaped; but three of the daughters are missing. Both himself and sons were badly burned. Six bodies in all were here recovered. They were taken to the Second District station-house. Three were of the Ware family.

There was saved the body of a boy not yet recognized, and a man whose body was found in Ninth street, a short distance below Washington street. A fragment of red cloth, resembling the lining of a fireman's coat, leads to the belief that the victim was a fireman. It was here that the flames burned most fiercely and spread with such rapidity. It seems a miracle that any one at all escaped. One thing is certain, that had it not been for the extra exertions of the firemen, many more would have perished.

As an instance of the rapidity with which the flames spread, we might state that the whole square was enveloped before one-half the people were aroused, and many of them were awakened from their slumbers by the firemen, who burst in doors, and rushed in to the rescue of the slumbering occupants. An infant about two years old was found lying on the opposite side of the street, burned to a crisp.

The following is a summary of the property destroyed:—Forty dwellings, two factories, seven stables, one wagon-house, ten miscellaneous structures, twelve frame sheds, one brick office, one coal yard, one large coal shed, one coal oil storage shed, which, with out-houses, &c., will make a total of about one hundred structures.

The dwelling houses were occupied by poor people, or persons who had only sufficient means to afford them a comfortable living. The most of these people lost everything—furniture, clothing, trinkets, &c. It is estimated that at least one hundred families have been rendered houseless.

The whole loss will not fall short of $500,000 The loss on the coal oil is estimated at $75,000: that of Daily & Porter (coal yard) at $4,000, and that of Mr. David L. Hey, manufacturer, at $10,000. The coal oil is said to be fully insured in New York Companies. Messrs. Daily & Porter, and Hey are partially insured. Of the total loss only about one-third is insured, and the insurance is principally upon the real estate. The Fire Association and the Franklin Insurance Company are the heaviest losers. A number of the families lost their savings, ranging from $5 to $3,000. Many lost $100, and several as high as from $300 to $400.

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☞ Save your rags and old papers. Every family can supply themselves with a good newspaper from the proceeds of such savings.

☞ By the census of 1860, the number of carpet manufacturers in the United States was estimated at 1,481. Of these, Pennsylvania has the largest number, 474, and Vermont the smallest, 2; New York has 450, and Massachusetts 203; Ohio has 85, and Maryland 68, while Connecticut has but 17.

☞ In the Boston police court, recently, a man arraigned as a common drunkard put in a peculiar plea in defence. He said that he believed the world was coming to an end within a year, and meditating upon this momentous event "staggered" him. The court did not see it in that light, and sent the staggerer to the House of Correction for five months.

☞ In Pennsylvania there are 13,000 public schools, with 16,000 teachers, and 700,000 pupils.

☞ The Northampton Press says a business man in that town exercises his benevolence in distributing turkeys to his employees without much detriment to himself. If they can take the oath he will give each a turkey. But the oath is, that they have not cheated him on time to an extent twice the value of the fowl. The oath is said to prove a regular iron-clad, and thus he has kept his birds on the strength of it.

☞ The Missouri Legislature has passed a bill providing that a person whose husband or wife has been engaged in rebellion against the government, shall be entitled to a divorce on proper application to the courts.

☞ In a late lecture delivered at the Melodeon in Boston, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose religious opinions are known to be somewhat heretical, said he thought we had gained in true religion because we now pray less and perform more than we used to fifty years ago.

## The Peace Conference.

The story of the Peace Conference is ended by the message of President Lincoln, which was sent to Congress on Friday. The hasty reader will find himself bewildered with a mass of telegraphic despatches, military communications, replies, letters and repetitions of letters. From this maze of orders, counter orders, statements, and documents, he may, when he extricates himself, compose his mind with the following, which are the main facts:—

First. That Mr. Blair was granted authority to go to Richmond upon a simple pass, without authority to speak or act for the United States Government, and without apprising the President what he intended to do or say.

Second. That at Richmond Mr. Blair must have taken upon himself the functions of an ambassador, and that he made representations as to what the United States might be induced to do.

Third. That in consequence of Mr. Blair's voluntary statements, Jefferson Davis was induced to write a letter to Blair, to be shown to President Lincoln, in which he said he was not disposed to find obstacles in forms; that he was willing to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace, and to send a commission whenever he had reason to believe that it would be received, or to receive one if sent, and that he was prepared to renew the effort to enter into a conference, with a view to restore peace "to the two countries."

Fourth. That President Lincoln then wrote a letter to Blair, authorising him to say to Jefferson Davis that he (Lincoln) had always been, and still was, ready to receive any agent whom Davis, or any other influential person, now resisting the national authority, might informally send "with the view of securing peace to *our common country*."

Fifth. That Blair went to Richmond a second time, and showed President Lincoln's letter to Jefferson Davis, and informed him that the part, in the letter of Lincoln, "about our common country" referred to the part in Davis's letter "about the two countries."

Sixth. That Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell applied at the United States lines to be permitted to go to Washington as Peace Commissioners.

Seventh. That after considerable telegraphing between Major General Ord, Major-General Burke, Major-General Wilson, Secretary Stanton, Major Eckert, and the President, Major Eckert was ordered to allow the Commissioners to come through if they wished, and to allow them to be taken to Fortress Monroe, where "in due time they would be met by some person or persons for the purpose of such informal conference," etc.

Eighth. That Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell becoming weary of the delays at General Ord's line, sent a message to General Grant, who permitted them to come to his head-quarters.

Ninth. That the President then ordered Secretary Seward to proceed to Fortress Monroe and meet the commissioners, instructing him to notify them that three things were indispensable to peace:—First, a restoration of the Union; second, that the position of the President on the slavery question, assumed in his last annual message to Congress and preceding documents, would not be receded from. *Mem:* this was before the passage of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery; third, that there would be no cessation of hostilities, short of the end of the war, and the disbanding of the hostile rebel forces. That minor matters would be liberally considered. That Seward was to listen to all that was said, but to consummate nothing, without further report and authority.

Tenth. That Secretary Seward set out upon his mission.

Eleventh. That Gen. Grant telegraphed to the President that he would delay no military movement in consequence of the commission.

Twelfth. That Gen. Grant has telegraphed to Secretary Stanton that in his opinion it would be advisable for President Lincoln to see Hunter and Stephens at least, Campbell probably not expressing himself as favorably to peace as his colleagues.

Thirteenth. That upon the reception of this despatch President Lincoln resolved to go to Fortress Monroe.

Fourteenth. That he did go.

Fifteenth. That on the morning of February 3d, the distinguished party met.

That an informal and verbal Conference took place between them.

That the substance of the instructions to Secretary Seward were communicated to the Southern Commissioners as containing the only basis of peace which could be admitted by the United States. That the Southerners did not say that in any event, or any condition whatever, would they consent to reunion; and yet that they did not declare that they would not consent. They wanted a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course which they argued might or might not lead to reunion, but which the President and Secretary Seward thought would lead to postponement.

The conference ended without result. This is the President's sentiment.

Sixteenth. Secretary Seward transmits a copy of a despatch sent to Charles F. Adams, United States Minister at London, giving an account of the preliminary events and of the conference. In the letter he says that specific demands were not made by the rebel commissioners, nor direct refusals of the demands of the United States announced. They wanted a postponement of the question of separation and a united action by the *two* governments upon "some extraneous policy or scheme for a season, during which passions might be expected to subside, and the armies be reduced, and trade and intercourse between the people of both sections resumed." This, no doubt, was the union of the North and South to attack Maximilian, and avenge the Monroe doctrine. Secretary Seward does not say, but the inference is strong, that this could have been the only policy proposed. The Southerners thought that by this "extraneous policy" a better feeling would be fostered, and that eventually some kind of a union might be fixed up. But the President, in the spirit of "not swapping horses while swimming a river," would not consent to the principle of ending the war by beginning another, leaving all the questions of the first unsettled. He considered it a proposition for a truce, and told the rebels that no truce could be consented to until the Union was fully restored. So the parties separated, and nothing was done.

This is the whole story—"only this, and nothing more."—*Phila. Inquirer.*

### Gen. Scott's Opinion of Gen. Taylor.

With a good store of common sense, Gen. Taylor's mind had not been enlarged and refreshed by reading or much converse with the world. Rigidity of ideas was the consequence. The frontier and small military posts had been his home. Hence he was quite ignorant for his rank and quite bigoted in his ignorance. His simplicity was childlike, and with innumerable prejudices—amusing and incorrigible—well suited to the tender age. Thus, if a man, however respectable, chanced to wear a coat of an unusual color, or his hat a little on one side of the head; or an officer to leave the corner of his pocket handkerchief dangling from his outside pocket—in any such case, this critic held the offender to be a coxcomb—perhaps something worse, whom he would not, to use his oft repeated phrase, "touch with a pair of tongs." Any allusion to literature much beyond good old Dilworth's spelling book, on the part of one wearing a sword, was evidence, with the same judge, of utter unfitness for heavy marchings and combats. In short, few men have ever had a more comfortable, labor-saving contempt for learning of every kind. Yet this old soldier and neophyte statesman had the true basis of a great character; pure, uncorrupted morals, combined with indomitable courage. Kind hearted, sincere and hospitable in a plain way, he had no vice but prejudice, many friends, and left behind him not an enemy in the world—not even in the autobiographer, whom in the blindness of his great weakness, he—*after* being named for the Presidency—had seriously wronged.—*Scott's Autobiography.*

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The Military Situation.—Richmond and Charleston are watching with anxiety the movements of Sherman. Veiled as those movements have been by that skillful officer, the measures necessary to meet him successfully have not been fully consummated by the rebel generals. However pressing they may feel the necessity of concentration, they have been compelled to divide their force as one or more important points have been threatened. They are still uncertain whether it is Augusta, Branchville or Charleston upon which the weight of the expedition will fall. Augusta is defended with Beauregard in command, and the expectation is that Sherman will demonstrate upon both Augusta and Branchville. The latter, in the hands of an enemy, they admit, is the most fatal to Charleston, as the key to it, and the gate through which its supplies must enter. Simultaneously with this advance they expect a demonstration by Grant, and profess to be aware that Thomas's army has been transferred from Tennessee to Grant and to Sherman. Their speculations upon this subject may or may not be correct. They will see what foundation there is for them when the campaign comes to be developed in action. It is certain that they are at a loss for information, and are consequently taken by surprise by many of the movements they observe, which is so much to our advantage.

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In nine oil regions, when the precious fluid is struck, great care is necessary to prevent accidents. The gas, which is the first indication that the reservoir has been reached, rushes up with great force, and being highly combustible it is dangerous to have fire anywhere near the well; even a pipe or segar has in some cases caused the explosion of the gas, causing the destruction of life and property. In a few instances the gas has become ignited and burned for weeks, the mouth of the well being converted into a mighty gas-burner, from which a flame rises many feet in height. Only a few days ago a gentleman by the name of Jacob Crowe, was sinking a well on George's Creek, Fayette county, Pa., and when the drill struck the oil deposit, a powerful volume of hydrogen gas ascended to the surface, filled the atmosphere, and coming in contact with a stove in a shanty some distance from the well, a terrific explosion ensued, and the flames darted into the air sixty feet high. Fortunately no one was injured, and the flames were finally subdued; but experienced borers never permit fire anywhere near the well upon which they are working.

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☞ The Vienna papers publish the will of a half-pay Austrian officer, which has created considerable amusement. He leaves his fortune to his nephew, who has a situation in the post-office, on the condition that he shall never on any occasion indulge in his favorite occupation of reading newspapers. The old gentleman institutes three persons his trustees, whose duty it will be to watch his luckless heir; and in case of a single infringement of the clause, dispose of his property to other members of his family. The said property consists of two houses, money in the funds, and a landed estate.

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☞ The Boston Advertiser announces a new sensational novel to be published sooner or later. It is to be called "The False Heir; or, the Raven Waterfall."

☞ In the Paris Archives of Justice there are 300,000 full and accurate reports of cases of suicide, every one of which contains all letters or scraps of writing left by the self-murderer which relate to his crime.

☞ The Lucerne (Fr) Catholic clergy have denounced the practice of insuring farm-houses or other property, such an act being "a defiance hurled against Divine Providence, and an attempt to frustrate the purposes of the Almighty."

☞ A Roorback.—Dr. Gwyn, adventurer-general, has *not* been, it seems, appointed Governor of Sonora, with the title of Duke of Sonora.

☞ A divorce suit is pending in the Superior Court of Brooklyn, Conn., in which both parties are seventy years of age.

☞ What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

☞ Judge Richardson once said that "everything was foreknown by the Almighty, except what would be the verdict of a petit jury."

☞ Harry Gilmore, the guerilla chief, was captured near Moorfield, West Virginia, on the 5th, with twenty others, by a cavalry scout from Sheridan's army.

☞ The celebrated chess-player Morphy has settled in Illinois. His present avocation is the collection of claims in the United States and State Courts.

☞ Rebel Prisoners Refusing to be Exchanged.—Out of a detachment of 500 rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, ordered to be placed upon the exchange list, 260 voted to remain in prison. The rest will be sent forward immediately.

## LATEST NEWS.

An exchange of prisoners is to go on. General Grant was before the Committee on the Conduct of the War on Saturday, and stated that he had effected an arrangement for an exchange, man for man and officer for officer, according to the old cartels, until one or the other party has exhausted the number they now hold.

The capture of Branchville, S. C., is said to be confirmed by Richmond papers of the 11th.

The Richmond Despatch of Friday last says a report was prevalent that Charleston had been evacuated, but that it could not be traced to any official source.

Public meetings were held in Richmond on Thursday, to consult upon matters of peace and war. Hunter, Benjamin and Gilmer made violent speeches; the former stating that President Lincoln had said it rested with Congress to decide whether rebel states could return as such.

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☞ "You will lose nothing in the long run," said an eminent divine, from the pulpit, "by being kind, affectionate and cheerful." Before night the eminent divine flogged six of his children within an inch of their lives, and gave his wife a tremendous "blowing up," because she had forgotten to sew a string on his night-cap.

☞ The four years of continued suffering which the people of Savannah have endured have left an expression of pain upon their faces. Men have remained in their houses for months without ever going into the streets for fear of being conscripted; and an instance is mentioned of one man who had not gone outside of his door for three years.

☞ Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber. The one gives the greatest flame, the other the best heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

☞ To Theatre Managers.—The last modification of an old saw is this:—"A theatrical manager may be known by the company he keeps."

☞ At a recent execution of deserters in the Army of the James, the Eleventh Maine Regiment was excused from witnessing the scene, not a man having deserted from it since the beginning of the Richmond campaign.

☞ The Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellinus, believed that the souls of good men were wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying at every successive change a more sublime felicity than in the last.

☞ The Aroostook Pioneer tells how crioline was employed to manage a skittish horse. As two ladies were driving on the road to Tobique, the horse became frightened at a large boulder by the roadside, and refused to budge; whereupon one of the ladies, going to the frightful object, which had so unconsciously impeded their progress, spread herself all over it, and so completely covered it from sight, that the horse became at once manageable, and carried them to their journey's end without further mischief.

☞ A new steam carriage from Bridgeport visited New Haven one day last week, accompanied by the Mayor of that city, the Superintendent of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The car runs about twenty-five miles an hour, at an expense, as stated, of only $7 a day. A New Haven paper says:—"For running on short roads, or through the streets of cities, this car would strike every one as being just the thing, and we have no doubt that the demand for them will be very large."

☞ When is a ship like a nobleman's wife? When she is fastened to a pier.

☞ The generality of men more easily forgive a rival than a faithless woman—unlike women who always hate the female rival more than the faithless lover.

☞ The best men are sometimes short. We know a clergyman who isn't above three feet, and a deacon who never had a sixpence about him.

☞ Big Thing on Ice.—A few days ago a Federal deserter who had fled to Canada, was married on the ice in Detroit River, midway between the American and Canadian shores, to a Southern girl with whom he had fallen in love while in the hospital at Nashville, where she was a nurse. The novel locality was chosen because neither party had money enough to pay for a marriage license. In this respect their case was not an ice-olated one, but in others it was.

☞ The Armstrong gun which was captured at Fort Fisher was the one which was presented by the manufacturer, Sir William Armstrong, to Jeff Davis. A soldier describing it, says it "is by all odds the handsomest gun I ever saw, being entirely of twist wrought-iron, and mounted on a magnificent solid mahogany carriage."

☞ Morocco is to have a telegraph. Before deciding upon the innovation the Emperor consulted his astrologers, who decided that it was an infernal invention and would bring calamity; but the Emperor disregarded their predictions, ordered up the wires and posts, and threatened to behead anybody who damaged them.

☞ French newspapers make sad work with English names and titles. In a list of deaths of distinguished personages during 1864, certain Americans are mentioned as follows:—"Stephen Foster, a distinguished composer, a single one of whose compositions, 'Old Fox at Home,' brought him sixty five thousand francs;" "Joshua Giddinks," "the Major General Leonidas, ex bishop of Louisiana," and "John Quincy, one of the founders of the American republic."

☞ False back hair of a golden hue has been selling in Paris at forty dollars a back knot; with small diamonds studded, at four hundred dollars.

☞ Chinese Parents.—The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas, things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

☞ The French described the battle of Aboukir as a drawn battle. "Well," said Nelson, "they are quite right—only they drew the blanks, and we the prizes."

☞ Little three-year old Mary was playing very roughly with the kitten—carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her that she would hurt puss. "Why, no, I won't," said she, "I'm carrying it by the *handle!*"

☞ He who admits that he has a secret to keep has by so doing revealed one-half of it, and the other will soon follow.

☞ A coal-oil millionaire has named his little heiress Petrolia Ann. We suppose the next little heiress will be named Carlo Sene.

### FINIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LIZZIE MATTIERS.

Here, take this gala dress and crown
Of festal roses:
Shut the blinds and turn off the gas,
The play now closes.

I've come to the scene that is marked
"Finis," I wis.
I know my rose-lined path led to
The parting kiss.

I did not dream for one moment
That it would last:
Shall I grieve or weakly repine
That it is past.

Well I knew while quaffing the draught
The lees must come:
And yet, and yet, I cannot smile,
My heart is dumb.

I thought only dreamers suffered
When rudely woke:
I did not dream; I was not blind:
Why then this stroke?

What shall I do? What can I do?
Nothing but weep.
Ah, well a day! Ah, well a day!
Nothing but weep.

## My Delusion.

The delusion was with respect to Isabella. It was not the "Isabella with a gingham um-ber-ella, which her father kep' at barber's shop at Islin'ton," about whom I have heard the street boys shout themselves hoarse in the thoroughfares, but quite a different sort of Isabella. Her umbrella was, to all appearance, of the choicest silk, was about the size of an old-fashioned parasol, had a little ivory handle, ornamented by a little fancy carving, and tattooed with blue spots in divers parts of the carving, was fashioned hookwise at the end, whereby it hung gracefully upon sometimes the forefinger, sometimes the little finger of Isabella's well gloved hand, and had a very long, bright, sharp ferrule, wherewith Isabella, as she walked, tapped saucily upon the pavement.

Ah! if you could only have seen Isabella in her teens—a sight of her was better than any eye-water; it was good not only for "sair een," but for heavy hearts—the most care-worn looking people used to brighten up at a glimpse of her; even people with tooth-ache used to smile as she passed. She was bright as a sunbeam, straight as a dart, airy as gossamer, and graceful as a fern. She danced in a manner to pique Terpsichore, and with one camelia in her glossy hair she looked more glorious than a queen with a coronet of diamonds. Now Isabella happened to be the youngest of four daughters, but she happened also to be the fairest. The consequence was that, though her parent (for she had no mother) and her sisters regarded her, by reason of her youth, as almost nobody; visitors, amongst whom was your obedient humble servant, regarded her as almost everybody. When, therefore, during my visit, the Johnson's gave a dinner party, and arrangements were being made, with great respect for precedence and propriety, as to who should be "taken in" by whom, Isabella's parent turned to me, who was (fortunately *I* think, as will appear from the sequel) the most insignificant of the whole party, and said, in a sort of apologetic tone, (showing how blind parents often are to the merits of their children and to the yearnings of their visitors,) "Blank, you'll have to take in Isabella." *Have* to, he said, as if I held the views of Isabella's sisters about her being "a little chit;" as if I were an object of pity for being palmed off with "the youngest;" and as if he hadn't made my very blood to dance with joy. Very pleasant, therefore, was his laugh, and very satirical were the smiles of Isabella's sisters when I rejoined, promptly and emphatically, "Thank you, sir; I shall be the proudest man in the room." Perhaps it wasn't quite fair towards Isabella's sisters to make the remark I did; but there are sometimes some words which an inward irresistible impulse forces you to utter, though you should thereby break all the rules of conventionality, and make all the world but one charming creature your enemy. Truth is mighty, and will (sometimes) prevail; Love is blind, and communicates (sometimes) his blindness to those whom he leads. Isabella was not present when I gave honest vent to my sentiments, but so soon as she appeared papa facetiously informed her of what I had said, and I was witness (gratis) of a more beautiful dissolving view than you could hope to see by payment of half a guinea. Isabella's face was for a moment all a-glow, and a blush suffused her face; then gradually the glow departed, the blush faded, and her face resumed its usual appearance. You mustn't suppose that she reddened as one under the influence of indigestion; there was no patchy sort of inflammation; a rosy tint just died her face, then travelled down her snowy neck, and was hidden beneath the top edging of her dress. And then she said, in her soft, low voice—after just one glance in my direction—"I'm sure Mr. Blank is very kind;" and she laughed a little laugh of satisfaction with herself and of acknowledgment to me. Thence began my great delusion.

I had often been under delusions before, but it was concerning Isabella that I harbored my great delusion. For instance, I had been under the impression when I was at school, and had an occasional whole holiday, that my nearest relative meant what she said when she strictly enjoined me "*always* to spend the day" at her house, unless I was specially invited elsewhere. Consequently I used to go there with tolerable regularity; but one day, when the street door happened to be slammed exactly after my fashion whenever I went out (how beit, on this particular occasion I had remained indoors, and the slam was due to somebody else,) I was astounded to hear my relative utter these remarkable words: "Thank goodness! that boy's gone at last. I do wish he wouldn't come here so often;" whereupon the delusion I had been laboring under, that my relative was "always so pleased" to see me, was abruptly removed, and with a shout of "No, I haven't gone, but I'm going," I rushed from my relative's hospitable roof, never again, without moral or physical compulsion, to stand or sit beneath it. Another delusion I was the victim of was, that my morning calls and my conversation were a source of considerable pleasure to the Grovesos, and especially to Ellen Groves, who was very good looking. But that delusion speedily vanished after what occurred upon a certain Friday (a day of the week which sailors do well to hold unlucky.) I had just knocked at the Groves's door, when an eager face popped up above the blind, took a little peep, became twice its ordinary length, and was hastily withdrawn. It was Ellen Groves's face. The door was opened, and I entered just in time to hear a voice complain, "I thought it was Harry, and it's that odious Mr. Blank—it was just like Harry's knock." It was Ellen Groves's voice. Now, how in the name of Old Harry was I to know that my handling of a street door knocker would exactly resemble somebody else's? But here I was called "odious" for an involuntary if not inevitable offence. Is it wonderful, after what I had heard, my flow of conversation was checked, my remarks were far from brilliant, and I sucked rather more varnish off the handle of my umbrella than can be wholesome for a human being? Besides, I had bought a new hat, a new tie, and a new pair of gloves for the ball; upon my honor, I had a great mind to send the bill into the Grovesos. So another of my pleasant delusions passed dismally away. And many other delusions I have had, which in course of time have vanished, and left me a wiser, no doubt, if not a better, man; and have lessened any overweening confidence in myself which I may before have nourished, if they have not tended to increase my confidence in my fellow creatures, to foster my love of my neighbor, to enlarge my supply of the milk of human kindness, and to promote my ease in general society. In fact, they may have left me shy, suspicious, cynical; but they were nothing to the monstrous delusion under which I labored about Isabella.

After the affair of the dinner-party, methought Isabella looked very graciously upon me. She couldn't help looking gracious at all times and under all circumstances, and towards all persons; but methought she looked on me with especial grace. I fancied I danced with her oftener than anybody else did, and that she was then more sprightly than at other dancing times; I fancied I oftener than anybody else sat by her side at dinner, at tea, at breakfast in the house and out of the house, in the arbor and on the green lawn; I fancied she played the pieces I asked for with more feeling, sang the songs I asked for with more sweetness, and read the books or passages I gave, or lent, or pointed out to her, with more alacrity than the pieces and the songs that others asked for, and the books or passages that others gave, or lent, or pointed out; and, what is more, I fancied that when her eyes were fixed on me they took a softer, deeper, moisture phase than when they settled upon anybody else. I never pretended (and experience shows how vain would have been the pretence) to the insight which some wonderfully acute men possess, or think they possess, into woman's feelings. "Lord bless you," I have heard a wiseacre say, "*I* know 'em; they needn't try to come over me; why, I can tell by a look, an accent, a gesture, when any particular name is mentioned, whether they have any strong liking for him who is present, or is spoken of; I could tell directly whether a woman would have me or not; *I* know 'em, bless you." Well, I never did, don't, and never shall; I should as soon think of saying I understood the face of the many-changing Ocean. However, I fancied that whatever encouragement a man may take from look, voice, and gesture, was given me by Isabella. Four years passed, during the last of which I saw but little of Isabella, and there was nothing to disturb my serene trust, when, one morning (after I had been warned by Hymen in a dream to "propose" as soon as possible) an envelope was placed in my hands. The envelope contained two cards, which informed me by unmistakable signs that Isabella Johnson had become Mrs. Benson. My excellent friend Burns, whose only fault is an irrepressible habit of saying the most unpleasant things he can think of (in fact, his facility in that respect amounts almost to inspiration,) and whom I had often met at the Johnsons', encountered me soon after the first dimness had come over my delusion, and, in the course of conversation, remarked (with a sharp glance at my tell-tale face,) "So Isabella Johnson has married that fellow Benson." (Of course he increased my pang by the slightly disparaging terms in which he spoke of Benson.) "Yes," said I, curtly, and endeavored to change the subject. But, "I suppose you knew," he continued, "it was a long-standing affair; they'd been half-engaged for ever so long, only old Johnson wouldn't hear of it until Benson got his late appointment." I was unequal to any comment beyond the symbol for nothing. "Some fellows," observed Burns, slily, "thought you were rather touched, but anybody with half an eye could have seen she was set upon Benson." Now, here was I who had heretofore considered myself to have two whole eyes and yet I hadn't seen it; verily my delusion was getting dimmer and dimmer. But the culmination of dimness was yet to arrive—was put off until an evening when I was to go to console a sick friend in his chambers, and was in return to be unintentionally cut to the heart by that friend. Bastowe had been a tolerably frequent visitor at the Johnsons', and I must confess was, both in personal appearance, in attainments, and in prospects, unexceptionable; but I had never thought of him at all in connection with Isabella; and now he from the sick couch whereon he lay gave forth such utterances as filled me with dismay, and effectually removed the last traces of my delusion. Of course, we got talking of Isabella's marriage. "Ah!" said he, "she was a nice little thing." I thought his expressions were not quite strong enough. She was so very graceful," he went on, "in all she said or did; I don't think I ever heard a clumsy expression from her lips, or noticed an awkwardness of any kind in her movements or her attitudes." I assented vehemently to this proposition. "She had the sweetest smile," continued Bastowe, "I ever saw, the most changeful, charming eyes that ever twinkled, and the most intelligent look you could imagine." Once more I assented vehemently, and added some complimentary remarks upon her singing, playing, dancing, and her frank and easy manners (thinking they had been displayed particularly towards myself.) Bastowe quite agreed with me, and then, to my astonishment (though he certainly had a good opinion of himself,) remarked: "Ah! I can't help thinking I didn't behave quite well towards that little girl." "How not?" I asked, sharply. "Why," he replied, languidly, "you know I was a great deal there—by-the-way I think I first met you there?" "Yes," answered I, sulkily, for I am sure I was "there," as he called the Johnsons' house, about five times to his once. "Well," he went on, "I was there a great deal, and paid her a great deal of attention, as I dare say you noticed." "No, I didn't," said I, discontentedly, and I declare I hadn't noticed it. "I did, though," quoth he, "but as you, of course, didn't care about it, you didn't observe it." Confound his impudence and ignorance, thought I; but he still continued: "Yes, I paid her a great deal of attention, and I could see she liked it; she always gave me every opportunity of being near her—indeed, she seemed to expect me to sit by her, and there was that look about her which there is no mistaking—you know what I mean." "No more than the man in the moon," ejaculated I. "Oh! you're such an odd fellow," said he, "you never notice anything; but, Lord bless you, *I* know 'em, and I saw I was going too far, for I was engaged at the time (the engagement has been broken off since, but at the time it was in full swing,) and I thought I had better back out by degrees; so I managed not to sit by her so often; I talked more to her sisters; I called more seldom; and so on, until we became quite distant. And so she's married that fellow Benson!" Silently I pondered over my sick friend's revelation, and felt my delusion slipping from me. If there were any truth in what Bastowe said (for, "Lord bless you," *I* don't "know 'em,") and any truth in what Burns had told me about the "long-standing affair" of Benson, what a monstrous delusion I must have been cherishing! Then I hadn't sat by her oftener than anybody else had; then, she hadn't looked at me with more softness, deepness, moistness in her eyes, than when she regarded other people; then she hadn't played my favorite pieces, sung my favorite songs, read my favorite books, and quoted my favorite passages with more feeling, more sweetness, more attention, and more frequency than she played the favorite pieces, sang the favorite songs, read the favorite books, and quoted the favorite passages of other people; then she hadn't returned the soft pressure of my hand; then she hadn't looked brighter when I appeared on the scene; then she hadn't said, "Oh! I'm so glad you've come," more expressively to me than to anybody else; then Benson and Bastowe (and perhaps a dozen other coxcombs) had stood before me in her graces; then the dream of the happiest days of my life had been nothing but a monstrous delusion! What if love be altogether a delusion? What if Anglicana be altogether a snare? What if women be altogether incomprehensible? I'm sure I can't tell you; but I can meet Isabella now without a tremor. It's not an agreeable subject of contemplation, but the truth is the truth, and may as well be spoken; learn, then, that Isabella has run very much to fat; that she has a double chin; that she walks as if she wanted the chiropodist's assistance; that she never plays or sings; that she has five disobedient children, and that (according to report) she spanks them. R. B.

### A VALENTINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I know thou are not beautiful,
But yet within thine eyes,
A calm bright light is gleaming,
As sunshine from the skies.
A golden hue is falling
Upon thy soft brown hair;
Thou art to me so lovely,
I could not wish thee fair.

I know thou art not beautiful,
But ever in thy face
A holy light revealeth
A blest and inward grace;
A meek and humble spirit
Hath been unto thee given,
And thou art but preparing
On earth to live in Heaven.

CAROLINE A. BELL.

### A Tiger Yarn.

Colonel Campbell, in his book recently published, is responsible for the following story:—

"We were closing in upon a wounded tiger, whose hind leg was broken. Some Bheels, who had run up the trail to a patch of high grass, were drawing back now that their game was found, when the brute started up behind the elephant, and charged the nearest man, a little, hairy, bandy-legged, square-built oddity, more like a satyr than a human being. By the Prophet, sir, it would have done your heart good to see the springs the active little sinner made. Just in time he reached the tree, and scrambled into a branch, hardly out of reach. There he sat, crouched up into the smallest possible compass, expecting every moment to be among the Houris. The tiger made several desperate efforts to reach him, but the broken hind leg failing, he dropped back exhausted. It was now the Bheel's turn. He saw that he was safe, and accordingly commenced a philippic against the father and mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his hapless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little reviler, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage. As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon, pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and to his female relatives in particular, every crime or atrocity that ever was or will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring, in imitation of the tiger; and last, when fairly exhausted, he leant forward till he appeared within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. So very absurd was the whole farce, that we who were shoving up the elephant, in alarm for the safety of our little hairy friend, ended by laughing till our sides ached, and it was not without reluctance that we put an end to the scene by firing a death volley."

EFFECT OF LAZINESS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sappling makes a crooked tree. Think of that, my little lads. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a lazy, shiftless vagabond when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character, unless he had a fortune lift him to keep up appearance? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to do nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not like to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. So, my little reader, I want you to look around at once for something to do, in doing which you can benefit somebody. Shun idleness as you would the evil one.

☞ For every woman it is with the food of the heart as with that of the body; it is possible to exist on a very small quantity, but that small quantity is an absolute necessity.

## Snakes in Tasmania.

When the British colony of Van Diemen's Land—now called Tasmania, after its discoverer, the Dutch navigator Abel Tasman—was opened up by enterprizing settlers, these pioneers in the work of colonization encountered obstacles in clearing and cultivating the wilderness of no ordinary kind, among which not the least dangerous was the presence of venomous snakes. In walking through the "bush" it was necessary to have the legs below the knees protected by woolen leggings, in case these reptiles should attack the pedestrian if perchance he trod upon them as they lay concealed among the grass. It was only on such occasions that they would attack any one, as they almost invariably fled at the approach of man in the open lands, where they would retreat to their holes in the coverts. If, however, the person passed between the scared snake and its hole, it would rear itself up and show fight if the trespasser did not get out of the way, especially if it was a female snake, rushing to protect its young. The affection shown by this dreaded reptile for its brood is not exceeded by the most philoprogenitive of animals of the higher genera. Often has the writer of this article witnessed the gambols of snakes with their young brought out into the sunshine for recreation. Here the snakelings would be coiling and rolling over each other; there the mother would be watching them on the grass, her eyes and head darting about to see that no voracious enemy was at hand. Now she would take one in her mouth, and then another, and toss them playfully around; then they would cling to her glistening skin, the scales assuming a metallic brilliancy, with her excitement, which is never seen in the dead skin. Suddenly a kangaroo would jump out of a thicket, or some young colt bound past, when off she would spring like a flash of lightning, with her young ones in her mouth, vanishing into her covert.

As already mentioned, the settlers walked abroad with thick woolen leggings, which were supposed to absorb the poison from the fangs before they could puncture the flesh. In spite of these precautions, many fell victims to snake-bites, especially that of the common black snake of Australia, which was not only the most deadly in its venom, but the most numerous in the country and most varied in its *habitat*. While it was met with in the open forest-land and the dense "scrubs" that cover the mountain sides, it was abundant in the moist valleys, and frequent near ponds and running streams. Moreover, it showed an inclination to become domesticated, and during the cold nights would creep into the huts of the settlers, where it would coil itself up by the wood embers of a log fire.

Many instances were known, also, of snakes winding their way into the beds of the colonists, lying under the pillow or near the sleeper, to enjoy the warmth of the blankets. If the intruder happened to be a non-venomous serpent, such as the carpet-snake, there was no apprehension when the strange bed-fellow was discovered. But if the scales of the black snake were seen, then a deadly shudder would come over the awakened sleeper. In the early days of the colony the person thus situated would immediately look for a weapon or something to destroy the reptile; but often the fatal bite was felt before a blow could be given. Subsequently it was found that, if the snake was not disturbed, and enticed away by some food, no harm would follow, as it generally glided away. Many "hair-breadth escapes" are related of this kind by the early settlers. So frequent was the occurrence of bites from the venomous black snake, that the physicians circulated the most efficient mode of treating them to prevent fatal results. An emancipated convict held out that he had discovered an effectual antidote among the native vegetation, which he kept as a secret, and sold a decoction of, to his great pecuniary profit. But its efficacy was doubted; for death frequently followed the bite, notwithstanding its immediate application. To prove its virtue, this man submitted himself to be bitten by snakes of the venomous kind, and for years he carried on his trade as a dispenser of antidotes to snake-bites. But he died not long ago in Melbourne, from his own temerity, by the bite of a black snake; the poison of its fangs he failed to neutralize or render innocuous.

Besides the danger of snake-bites on the human subject, the evil extended itself to the flocks and herds of the settlers. As they prospered, they built substantial stone and brick houses, where nocturnal visitors of the snake tribe could not find ingress, as formerly, in their slab huts, with crevices all round through which these reptiles could insinuate their bodies. Then their live-stock had increased from hundreds to thousands, and then to tens and hundreds of thousands, and millions; so that they spread over the country wherever the snakes were found in their indigenous haunts. Many a fine horse, bull, or cow met with an untimely end from a snake-bite, as it was browsing on the uplands or drinking at the brooks. Instances are recorded where even the horse ridden by the settler, while riding after his cattle or crossing a stream, has been pounced on by this dangerous enemy, and a wound given from which the animal would die in agony after a few hours. In this way valuable horses and imported stock have been destroyed, and it became a matter of serious consideration to find out the best way of exterminating the venomous snakes.

The settlers petitioned the government to find out a remedy for the growing evil; but they were apparently as little able to cope with the difficulty as the settlers themselves. At this juncture it happened that the late Sir John Franklin, the arctic navigator, was appointed Governor of Tasmania; from which post he retired to undertake the discovery of the famous northwest passage, accomplishing the task at the sacrifice of his life. His gifted and benevolent lady accompanied him during his governorship; and the remembrance of her good deeds will live long in the memory of the colonists, while her name is indelibly engraven on the monuments of that colony. Among her various attainments is her love of the physical sciences, especially zoology, botany, and geology. When not engaged in the duties of her high position, she was travelling through the wild and romantic glens, and scaling the rugged mountains of that island, which have been appropriately designated "the Highlands of Australasia." From these excursions she always returned to Hobart Town with a collection of new and interesting objects in natural history. These she deposited in a beautiful museum, built in the Grecian style, out of her own means, and charmingly situated in a vale, which she named Tivoli, as it reminded her of that town and its position in Italy.

While thus engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, she was not long in seeing the necessity of eradicating the snake evil. She consulted the settlers and authorities in the interior best able to give opinions on the matter, and came to the resolution that the speediest and most effectual way of getting rid of the snakes would be to offer a reward for every head that was brought to a responsible person appointed by the governor. Without waiting for a grant from the legislature for the purpose, Lady Franklin proposed to disburse the reward-money out of the privy purse of herself and Sir John. It was consequently published throughout the colony that one shilling per head would be paid to any person bringing the head of a black or other poisonous snake to the nearest magistrate, who would destroy them by fire, to prevent their being brought a second time. Immediately snake-hunting became a favorite occupation of all the restless spirits who preferred a bush life to steady employment in the towns. For several years the extirpation of the black snake progressed, when it became a difficult matter to find one; so that it was discontinued. Some idea of the number destroyed may be gathered from the fact that in one year the sum of £750 was paid by the magistrates, showing that 15,000 were killed. Since then the island of Tasmania has been comparatively free from the ravages of poisonous snakes.

### Readers and Writers.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly. Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have over-read at college, entering upon life languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigor to cope with their own generation, for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth, in its contest for fame or fortune. Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of the twelvemonth. He is seldom overworked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business despatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done. In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self. When an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his. Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corrollary not in the book. Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision, which seem to the crowd like intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent; but all which can only be gathered into a whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.—*Bulwer, in Blackwood.*

### The Gypsies.

Excepting the Jews, no people have ever shown such tenacity of race as the gypsies. A Hindoo tribe of Aryan race originally, perhaps of nomadic and plundering habits in their provinces on the Indus, and forced out into Europe and Asia in the early part of the fifteenth century, they have encamped and settled in almost every country of Europe, without scarcely ever changing the pure current of their Hindoo blood. Whether in the mountain villages of Norway, or on the pusztas of Hungary, or in rural England, or among the wild mountains of Spain; whether under the burning heat of Africa, or on the plateaus of Asia, in Egypt, Persia, or India, the gypsy is substantially the same; with a similar physique, with the same language only dialectically different, and with the same ineradicable habits of the plundering nomad in him. Sometimes enslaved, always scorned, the victim of legislation through more than 300 years, driven from country to country, incessantly urged by the influences of civilization and by the ministers of religion—yet always, in all countries and for four centuries, the same—a vagrant, a jockey, a cheat, and a heathen and stranger, to each people and country. The civilization, the science, and the Christianity of the times have done almost nothing for him. A few exceptions to this general character of the race are found in Russia, where individual gypsies have become wealthy; but in most countries they seldom engage in any pursuit of mechanics or agriculture. The only mechanical branch in which they are ever proficient is the smith's; and in Persia they have become celebrated as workers in gold and silver. While other races become absorbed in the powerful races, or mingle in endless variety with the peoples in contact with them, or die out and pass away, this Indian tribe keeps itself unmingled and preserves its savage vitality. Such a tenacity, both of race and of barbarian habits, seems hardly characteristic of the Aryan family, and would remind one more of the peculiar traits of the Semites. In many countries they have been supposed to be Egyptians, and their name in English, French, Spanish, and Hungarian, points to this belief. Most other nations had given them a name in some way connected with that of a Hindoo robber tribe on the Indus, from whom they are supposed to be descended.—*Races of the Old World, by C. L. Brace.*

☞ In a recent case of assault, the defendant plead guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and me were the only ones in the room, and the first thing I knew I was standing up, and he was doubled over the stove. You'd better call it guilty."

## SUFFER AND BE STILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Suffer and be still,"
Was whispered in my ear
While on a couch of pain,
And none but God was near.
He who heareth the mourner's cry
Was witness of my woe,
Struggling, longing to be free,
Yet still He laid me low.

"Suffer and be still,"
A lesson hard to learn;
Rebellious nature writhes beneath,
And from it fain would turn.
He who ruleth over all,
Looks from His throne above,
Inflicts but needful suffering,
And stamps it with His love.

"Suffer and be still"
Thou tried and tempted child.
Our Father, by His dealings,
To Heaven thee would guide.
Let no murmuring thought arise
Beneath His chastening rod,
Submissive, patient, strong in faith,
Be still and trust in God.

# THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THEO AND MR. LINLEY BOTH NEAR THE TRUTH.

Sydney Scott did not mean it unkindly; she meant it the reverse of unkindly, in fact. She wished to prove that her new friend's merits had already received the recognition that seemed the grandest to her. She wished to show that she was already on terms of confidential intimacy with Theo. Above all, she desired to strike a sharp blade into the hearts of several of her acquaintances who were not engaged, and who wished to be engaged. These various reasons combined to make her more than ordinarily loquacious, and so, just when the hearing it spoken about was exquisitely painful to Theo, her engagement was made the chief topic amongst all those with whom she was thrown in contact.

"She is engaged to a—I forget his name—but it's a capital match, and she won't be in your way here long," Sydney Scott had contented herself with saying to one or two of her favorite aversions at first. But after a short time this statement appeared tame to her, and she touched it up slightly.

"Do you really think that Miss Leigh is too small and dark, and that she looks like a mere fresh country girl? Well, I don't agree with you. However, she won't be a vexed question amongst us long, for she's going to be married; *such* a match, too!"

So rumors arose that were wounding to both Theo and her parents under existing circumstances. How they arose was not quite clear, for Theo had entirely forgotten that she had suffered the hint on which Sydney had built up the *full* statement to escape her.

"Don't contradict it yet, papa, since it has got abroad unfortunately," she pleaded. "Harold Ffrench will tell me the truth some day. Don't denounce him on that man's authority."

It was a horrible grief to her that her father should at this time permit Mr. Linley's visits, and give the hand of friendship to him.

"He is false and treacherous—of that I'm sure, though I don't know how," she would say. So she kept out of the way when he came, as he did frequently, and would neither see him nor listen to a repetition of what he had said.

"Poor child!" Mr. Linley said to her father one night; "she hates me now very naturally for telling you the truth about Ffrench; she'll forget that vacillating fool in time, and when she does she'll cease to think me a demon, and will believe that the 'refined, accomplished man' was the true embodiment of the Satan she deems me."

But still, though Linley would speak freely enough of both Harold Ffrench and Theo, he declined to tell the father of the girl how the fact of Ffrench having a wife alive had come to his knowledge.

"There was something underhand and constrained about his manner to your daughter, and I took an interest in her. Some day or other, when this wound is healed, I will tell you why. That being the case, I set myself to work to find out why he was constrained and undecided, and as few things baffle me for long, I soon discovered what I have told you. His pretty fool of a cousin imagined that it was her fascination that drew me to her house so continually. My dear fellow, it was the interest I took in your daughter—on your account at first—after a time I confess solely on her own. It was hard to stab her, but Theo will forgive me in time."

"Theo is very obstinate," her father replied mournfully; "she still believes in that smooth-tongued scoundrel."

"Her faith must be pretty well strained by this time," Linley said eagerly; "it must give way before long."

"And she will give way with it, I fear. Strained! The strain is killing her, sir! But she has never let us see a tear or hear a word of repining. I would have given my heart's blood to save my child from this sorrow that she won't acknowledge to be one," the old man said in a broken voice. He admired Theo for not making her moan aloud, but his love made his pity for her a poignant pain to himself.

At last, about a fortnight after Mr. Linley had struck the first blow, the second fell. A letter came from Harold Ffrench, not to Theo, but to her father; but Theo was the one to read it first, for her hand was steadier than her father's, and her vision was clearer.

"Two months ago," he wrote, "I was told, and God knows that I believed, that a chain which had bound me for years was snapped for ever. The curse of impatience was upon me, and the first use I made of my freedom was to ask your daughter to be my wife. My horror and remorse when, a few hours later, I learnt that I had been told a lie, broke me down more utterly than I had ever thought to be broken down and live. Had my brain been clear, I should before this have written the truth which will bring down your curse upon me. To her whom I have so cruelly wronged I dare utter no plea for forgiveness. To you I will only say, that before God I thought myself a free man in that fatal hour of parting with your daughter. I left her to find a woman who has been my wife in name for years still alive. I left her to find that I had been tricked into deceiving *her*—tricked into a more complete destruction than overtook me years ago at the hands of the man you are now admitting to terms of intimacy. Beware of him! He is the cause of the evil that has come upon us all—of the dishonor that you will always associate with the name of

"HAROLD FFRENCH."

She had read it through almost to the last line without flinching; but when she came to those last words a tremor seized her, and she put the letter down and leant her head against her father's shoulder.

"I can't read it to you, papa dear, but I can tell you that it is all black—all black and miserable. We'll never say another word about him after you have read the letter and told me that you *don't* associate 'dishonor' with the name of the only man I ever can love. Tell me that, and then it shall be done with."

But her father could not tell her that. This man had come and crushed his flower, for though Theo would not be broken she was most sorely bruised; and now he had nothing better to say for himself than that he had been the victim of an idle tale and that the curse of impatience had been upon him. Mr. Leigh could not forgive him, and could not associate his name with aught but dishonor. Theo had the additional agony of reading in her father's face unrelenting antagonism to the man "who was the only man she could ever love."

But he spared his daughter all allusion to it, as she had desired. "It is all black, let it be done with," she had said. To this appeal he mutely agreed. Theo felt, when she saw her father throw the letter into the fire, that he desired to burn away as much as he could of that episode in their lives which had commenced on that bright spring morning, and was ending now when the leaves were falling fast. "He wishes to burn it away; it shall never be recalled by me," she thought. So from that day Harold Ffrench's name was never mentioned between the father and daughter.

There was no answer sent to the letter which struck the final blow. Mr. Leigh could not write and Theo would not, partly because they tacitly relied upon her honor not to do so, and partly because the great pity that filled her heart for herself and for him was too near akin to love to be safely expressed to the man whose wife still lived. But through all her silence she hoped that he would do her the justice of believing that, as she had never distrusted or doubted, so she did not now despise or dislike him.

It was a hard thing for the girl to live on and act as usual at this epoch. To get up, and go through the day as the day had ever been gone through in their quiet household, and then to go to her room at night without a hope that this routine would alter for the better. It was a hard thing to do this with external fortitude—more than that with apparent content. But she did it, never forgetting that she was not alone in the world; bearing in mind constantly that in her face alone the sunshine of her home was found; remembering ever that it is so easy to give up the game entirely.

She had other things to endure soon besides her own heart's gnawing agony, and other efforts to make in addition to the one she succeeded in, of making that agony no household word. Quick upon the heels of the announcement—the injudicious, well-meaning, girlishly premature announcement that Sydney Scott had made of her engagement—came the rumor of the dissolution of it. And Theo had to hear many biting comments through her frank-faced friend, who was a fierce, albeit an injudicious partizan. Nor were comments all: she had to run the gauntlet of an incomprehensible hostility that originated, Heaven only knew in what—an hostility that veiled itself under the semblance sometimes of friendly reproof, sometimes of unwilling disapproval, sometimes of a guarding patronage that was only one degree more absurd than loathsome to her. But however veiled, it was co-existent with her residence there; and she knew it. Altogether it was a hard time to live through, from causes pure and simple. In addition, as is general and so perhaps just, her own sex rendered it harder, sometimes by censure and sometimes by commiseration, until Theo came to the conclusion that misfortune must be the worst guilt of all, it is so sorely punished.

"I wish you would tell me all about it, I should know better what to say then when they are going on about you," Sydney remarked meditatively to Theo one day, when together they were standing in the square listening to a choice selection of airs that were being performed by a band.

"Who are 'they,' and what do they say?" Theo asked wearily.

"Oh, everybody! and they say—well, all sorts of things; it's very unpleasant for me, being your friend; but what can I say? you have no confidence in me."

"I have no confidence in any one," Theo replied quickly. She simply meant that she confided this bitter sorrow of hers to no one. But Sydney attached a different meaning to the words.

"You must have been most dreadfully ill-used to say that, Theo. I won't believe that you have been to blame, though—though—"

She stammered, and stopped with a blush on her bright face and confusion in her clear eloquent eyes.

"Though what?" Theo asked, turning her head slightly towards her companion.

"Though they do shy away from you as though you were infected," Sydney said quickly.

"So I am infected—infected with a disease that renders my companionship unpleasant and unimproving," Theo answered carelessly. "I am infected with more than a touch of reserve about my own affairs, and carelessness as to what they or you or anybody else may think about them. Excuse me, but if you have nothing more agreeable to give vent to than your surmises as to their surmises about me, I had rather not hear them; and I think I will go in."

So she went in, away from the candid young friend who told her all that was said and thought and hinted to her disparagement, away from those who treated her, according to that friend's version of the case, "as though she were infected." As soon as she was alone she sat down and prayed unconsciously, gazing awhile over the muddy river, alive with crowded steamers, for a brief escape from the terror of this shame till strength should be hers to bear it better.

"What is thought of me, and what is said?" she asked herself. She shook with rage and scorn at that form of interest which was being displayed towards her, and thought of a hundred plans of escape, and rejected each one of them in rapid succession. Finally she hoped that frank-faced Sydney Scott had not thought her very petulant.

That Miss Sydney had so thought her she speedily learnt, for Sydney was one who when she had a grievance cried it out aloud in the market place and from the housetops. This was a favorite form of grievance with her too, which added to the pleasure to be conversationally extracted from it. It has been said that according to her own account Sydney had been the butt at which countless shafts of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had been let fly. And these, be it borne in mind, had all been feminine shafts. Perfidy from her own sex, the young philosopher averred, she was well accustomed to meet with. But this was a peculiarly black case of perfidy, "to be turned upon and insulted by a girl she had stood by, as she had stood by Theo Leigh, was ingratitude that could not be easily matched in deepness of dye." It was a lesson to her never to trust a woman again, until such time as she felt constrained to tell how she was called fast and a flirt and a regular "Kate Coventry."

The little lady's wrath was loud, but, as is usual when such is the case, it was not lasting. Sydney could not nurse it to keep it warm; she expended it in airy puffs, and having done so, proposed a fresh alliance offensive and defensive with Miss Leigh in the following terms:—

"I say that, after all, if you choose to keep your own counsel you're quite justified in doing it, and I made the Miss Boltons mad last night at their abominably dull musical party by telling them that I would offer them five to one against your being Miss Leigh at the end of the year; they took me—in gloves, you know; so look out that you don't let me lose."

"You're very good to talk about me and to bet about my marrying," Theo answered, "but if you would be kind enough not to tell me of it I should be still more obliged to you."

"Now, Theo—however, I'm determined I won't quarrel; I won't expect much from you, but I won't quarrel. Hargrave said, when I told him about you first, that I should find you out in time to be just like every other girl."

"Mr. Hargrave betrays immense discernment and knowledge of character."

"You needn't laugh at Hargrave; he is not stupid, though he's not old and ugly like your hideous talented friend who wrote the book and stumbled upon you in Rockheath Park," Sydney cried indignantly. The young soldier had sung with her, and her alone the previous night, and he had been the sole military light amidst a lot of rather sombre civilians. The glow of these things was still upon him, so Sydney spoke indignantly in his defence when she deemed that Theo aspersed his intellect.

"The man who wrote the novel, and who stumbled upon us in Rockheath Park, is no friend of mine, God knows!" Even now, though the truth had been made known to her by Harold himself Theo could not forget that Mr. Linley had been the first to whisper it, and in her own mind she could not hold him guiltless of the evil.

"Why he is down at your house constantly!" Sydney cried.

"He is a friend of papa's; I have never seen him since that day we met him first."

"Never seen him? How is that?"

"Because I hate him!" Miss Leigh cried hotly. "There, don't look at me in that way. I wouldn't have said it if you had not suggested the possibility of my mentally comparing any other man with him. I hate him!"

"To whom are you so animatedly declaring hatred?" a voice asked behind her. And looking round Theo saw Mr. Linley standing smiling, with his hat raised in such a way that it concealed the expression of his lips. The two girls were seated on a couch midway up the length of the drawing-room, with their backs to the door by which he had entered unobserved.

"Neither papa nor mamma are at home," Theo commenced hurriedly; she would not give him her hand. And he marked her resolve not to do so in time to avoid offering his own. But he stood close over her, smiling down upon her in a benignant manner, and Theo quailed in her soul at that benign false smile.

"Neither papa nor mamma will be at home till night," she repeated. Then impatience conquered, and she threw down her cards.

"How long have you been in the room? did you hear what we were saying?"

"I heard you say you hated somebody, but whom you did not mention," he replied softly. Theo, looking straight into his eyes, read that he was telling her a falsehood, and feared him.

"You will permit me to await your papa's return?" he asked presently.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but you will excuse my leaving you."

"You have a previous engagement? Ah! I am unfortunate!"

She would not tell the story that should render her withdrawal from his presence consistent with civility. She simply repeated that he "must excuse her leaving him." She went away from the room, taking Sydney with her, and feeling that David Linley had heard more than her vague declaration of hatred, and that it was ill for her that he had done so.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Sydney had retired with her friend to the little room that was sacred to the latter, leaving Mr. Linley to the solitary enjoyment of the drawing-room, which was as uncomfortable as all newly furnished and unfrequently occupied apartments are. This spacious lofty room had been felt from the first to be a white elephant. It was incumbent upon them, since it was bestowed upon them, to furnish it. But they had suffered in spirit while doing so, knowing it to be like the bog of Allen, in that it would swallow up sums that had been long held in reserve for other things.

It was a room, everybody told them, that demanded handsome furniture; they abjectly listened to its demands. Its walls "deserved and required" pictures, being really, as one lady remarked, of "palatial proportions!" Accordingly Mr. Leigh purchased pictures, a set of them at a time. Few people, I imagine, require to be told how thoroughly satisfactory works of art procured in this way are to their possessors.

The pervading tint of the room was green. The carpet was green, and the couches and chairs, and even the curtains. Had Theo been in better heart she would have proposed rose-colored silk blinds inside those verdant hangings. But she had not been in a state of mind to care about her complexion, or indeed about anything save keeping a brave face before her father and mother.

As to the pictures, too, had things been different within, perhaps she would not have left the selection of them so unreservedly to her papa, who had taken his orders as to what he should buy and what he should leave meekly from the mouth of a picture-dealer.

"The walls are well covered," David Linley had said to him when he had carried that gentleman to look upon them. And so they were, uncommonly well covered with frame, quite as much as with paint. You noticed the breadth and the rich gilding of the former before you thought of observing the gentleman in black velvet and melancholy after Velasquez, and blowsy beauties after Titian, the "unmistakable Gainsborough," or the "Lady with a 'awk, confidently attributed to Sir Joshua by the most competent critics." But as this is usual in the case of pictures that are purchased in sets, there is nothing derogatory to Mr. Leigh's taste in it.

As may be gathered, however, the room in which these pictures had the first place was not one in which a man such as David Linley could spend an hour or two of waiting pleasantly. In truth, he spent those hours most impatiently and unpleasantly; sneering himself at the vulgar art and the prevailing hue, and the rigid propriety that marked the disposition of the furniture. Still he waited on and on—why he hardly knew; feeling resentful against poor miserable Theo for leaving him thus, yet half hoping that she would be forced into his presence again on her father's return. It has been said that he was left alone through the withdrawal of the two girls into the small room that was held sacred to Theo. Sydney had followed her friend with aught but willingness. She had felt that it would be more enlivening to stay and hold polite conversation with the man whose name had called forth such a volume of verbal detestation from Theo. True, he was elderly and ugly; but then he was clever, other people told her; and she heard that his voice could soften seductively, and he had friends who were young and handsome, and honorables, and who wore tenderly-tinted gloves and waistcoats, and drove drags, and were otherwise all that was satisfactory.

Miss Scott remembered that he was all these things clearly and distinctly, but she bore the remembrance passively for a time. At last, however, dullness overcame her, for Theo had subsided into a sad silence—a silence she would not have indulged herself in had her father and mother been by to be distressed by the sight of their darling less bright than of old. Silence being ever a thing that Sydney abhorred, she finally broke it.

"I must have left my gloves in the drawing-room, they're not in these pockets," she exclaimed, suddenly starting up and inserting her hands into both pockets of her jacket, but abstaining from searching the pocket of her dress. "I will go in and look for them. No, don't trouble yourself to send the servant, she wouldn't see them if they were not under her nose; it is time for me now to go home to dinner."

David Linley was leaning against the window, looking out at the river with absorbed attention apparently for he did not turn his head when the door opened, or give any sign of a consciousness of being no longer alone, until Sydney spoke.

"I have come back to look for my gloves. Oh, here they are."

He turned directly she addressed him and smiled sweetly, as those rugged-featured men with deep dark eyes can smile occasionally.

"I am sorry that your gloves were on the surface, for you will be off again at once and leave me to solitude."

He walked towards her as he said it, and stood close to her while she smiled and blushed and accurately fitted on her gloves, buttoning them with deliberation, and wondering if the man who described ladies' hands so frequently and well, marked the size and symmetry of hers.

"You must have found it dull here. Theo is not well,—that is, I believe she has a headache, and a headache makes one an insufferably dull companion, you know; but Mr. Leigh will be home shortly." She looked up into his face quite confidingly as she spoke, and she was very fair.

He took out his watch and looked at it.

"Just two hours I have wasted in waiting," he said. "Well! I certainly have no one to blame for it but myself, for Miss Leigh told me her father would not be home till night. I could have walked to Rockheath Park and back in the time, couldn't I?"

"Couldn't you? Of course you could. Why that day we met you we were not half an hour coming back to the gate."

"The time seemed very short then, but your companionship may have been the cause of its seeming only half an hour. I should have been without that companionship to-day. Besides, I really want to see Leigh, and had I gone over, Mrs. Harold Ffrench would not have let me come away again."

He glanced keenly at the girl as he said the name, but he saw that it told her nothing. "For all that though," he thought, "the chances are in favor of her going back to Miss Theo, and giving a verbose account of all that I have said, together with much that she thinks I ought to have said, and have no doubt meant. In the course of her communication Mrs. Harold Ffrench's name will turn up, and many speculations as to who she is will be dropped." Then he again uttered a regret aloud that he had not gone over to Rockheath Park.

"The man is bored out of his mind nearly; you might just as well have been in there all this time, Theo," Sydney exclaimed on re-entering the room in which she had left Theo.

"Is he? Have you found your gloves?"

"Yes, here they are; Jouvin's best, and quite new, I didn't care to lose them. I was obliged to tell him that you had a headache."

"To tell Jouvin?"

"No, but Mr. Linley; he's savage, and no wonder, at being left to his own devices; he says he would have gone over to Rockheath Park to call on Mrs. Harold Ffrench if he hadn't thought your father would have been back before."

Theo had known for some time now that the man whose wife she had thought she herself was to be, had a wife living. But she had never before heard another woman called "Mrs. Harold Ffrench." The sound stabbed her like a knife, but in the midst of her pain she could feel rage at the ingenuity with which Linley had made another use of the dagger.

"Did he say that?"

"Yes, and no wonder after your rudeness in leaving him in this way."

"Did he say where Mrs. Harold Ffrench lived?"

"Rockheath Park. Oh! he won't go now, it's too late. Do you know her? Is she a friend of yours?"

"No."

"They are pretty houses over there, and such lovely gardens—oh, lovely! It would be nice to know some one living there. Perhaps Mrs. Linley would introduce us to her—introduce you, I mean."

"Perhaps he would do even that," Theo contrived to say firmly. But it was well for her that Sydney took her departure just then, for the thought of Mrs. Harold Ffrench's close vicinity was almost subversive of all self-restraint.

Theo told her father a few days after this that Bretford did not agree with her, and asked him might she go away for a time? It was hard for him to part with the pet, especially since her trouble; still he had longed himself to propose a change of scene and society for her. He had only been withheld from doing so by the consideration that her sensitive spirit would perhaps feel that her own father deemed her under a cloud. However, now that she had proposed going away herself, he acceded to her proposition with pleasure.

"It will do you all the good in the world, and you will be back in time for all the Christmas gaieties; but the question is, where will you go, Theo?"

"I have thought of that, papa. Norfolk would be delightful, but I know it so well and I want something new. I will put up a humble petition to Aunt Libby to take me for a while; she's often asked me, you know."

"Your Aunt Libby will be all that is kind, if you can stand her."

"Oh! I can stand her, papa; I can stand anything better than—do you know my reason for wanting to get away?"

She looked at him with her honest gray eyes full of tears, but she was less agitated than he was as he answered:

"Yes, yes, my dear; I understand, I understand. You're good a girl," he continued rapidly, holding her off from him and looking at the workings of the young face that still would *not* be bowed down. "You're a good girl, and a brave girl! and I—I am a poor old fellow who can't bear it for you as you bear it for yourself, my child!"

"Ah! papa, don't, don't! This is the worst of all. One sorrow doesn't crush, dear, any more than one sin precludes all chance of salvation. If once you can feel that I am not *all* wretched, and that *he* is not all bad, you will be happier."

But Mr. Leigh would not promise not to think the man whose name he could not bring himself to mention "all bad." For all Theo's pride and spirit, her father knew that she had been most horribly wounded, and he could not bring himself to forgive the one who had wounded her.

The old officer could not believe that there was anything good about the man who could offer them this crowning insult, or suffering his wife to dwell in their vicinity. He never stayed to inquire whether Mrs. Harold Ffrench had been resident in her present abode before they came to Bretford, or whether Harold Ffrench had any influence on his wife's whereabouts or not. All he knew about it he knew from Linley, who had told him that "the poor woman who had married Ffrench—to her cost, he believed—was living in Rockheath Park: bad taste of Ffrench to put her there, considering all things." This was all Mr. Leigh had heard, but it had been enough to make him hate Harold Ffrench with an intensity his hate had been wanting in before.

The Aunt Libby to whom Theo wrote, offering herself as a guest for an indefinite period, was the wife of a clergyman in a midland county. The Reverend Thomas Vaughan, thirty years ago, when fresh from college, had married Elizabeth Leigh, and together they had at once gone to the midland county village in which we shall make their acquaintance.

Previous to her marriage, Aunt Libby had resided with her brother, (Theo's father,) who had remained on half-pay for a year or two on purpose that his sister might have the advantage to be derived from a brother's protection. This piece of self-sacrifice on his part she had never forgotten; her "brother was one in a thousand," she always said; "she was indebted to him for everything she enjoyed;"—amongst others, for the Reverend Thomas Vaughan. These things considered, it may readily be believed that Aunt Libby's answer to Theo's request was not wanting in the spirit of welcome.

Mrs. Vaughan was glad that her niece was coming to her, very glad for many reasons. She liked acknowledging kindnesses, and she liked patronizing any one who would submit to patronage from her. The kindnesses that she had received from her brother were many, and her hopes of Theo's receiving patronage were high. Altogether she was well pleased at the idea of receiving her young niece as her guest, and the whole village soon knew that she was so.

"She writes very kindly; letter reads as if she meant well, but I should judge that it's rather a risky thing to go and put yourself at the mercy of the writer of it," Sydney Scott remarked to Theo, on handing the letter back after a swift perusal.

Theo had communicated her intention of going away for a time to her friend, but, as may be supposed, she had withheld her reasons for forming that intention from Miss Scott.

"What do you mean by that rather disparaging allusion to my aunt, Sydney?"

"Well, I mean just this. She writes in sentences—'*everybody* does,' you'll say—but everybody doesn't; at least, the best sort don't. There's something cut and dried, that savors of having been copied many times, about her letter. I'm sure she looked up her thing-um-bob Lindley Murray, Lempriere, and all those old fogies, before she wrote it?"

"And if she did?"

"Well, if you can sit and see that sort of thing going on, and keep sane, well and good; but it's always a trial to me to see a commonplace letter written with circumspection. I shouldn't say that there was much impulsiveness about that old lady."

"That old lady, as you call her, is a very kind old lady, I'm sure, though I haven't seen her since I was a small child," Theo answered. "Impulsiveness in an old lady generally degenerates into fussiness, and I could better endure over precision than that. You can't get me against going, Sydney."

"Can't I? Well, I'm sorry, for I shall miss you terribly. The fact is I have extolled you so frightfully that I have rendered myself obnoxious to most of the other girls, and I shall be unfriended, solitary, and alone, while you're

away. It's not often I venture upon a quotation," she continued abruptly, "and I don't know what that is from, but it just expresses my position here when you're gone."

"I am glad that you will miss me."

"You selfish thing!"

"But I will write to you."

"No, don't, *please*," Sydney cried fervently. "If you do, I shall have to answer your letters, and if you only knew how I hated writing you wouldn't try me so far. But I really shall miss you, especially as Hargrave is ordered off next week. Troubles never come singly."

"The greater trouble will absorb the lesser; you will forget my loss in Hargrave's."

"Perhaps I shall, and won't it be natural? I'm not a stickler for 'woman's friendship,' or any twaddle of that kind, only you *suit* me, and I can't help feeling a little sorry to lose you. But of course I am more sorry to lose Hargrave, for he can dance with me, and give me tickets for the quarterly balls at Woolwich, and pay me a great many attentions that you can't. It doesn't do to talk about it. I begin to feel low. Good-bye, dear—enjoy your aunt to the utmost, and come back as soon as you can. After all, I almost wish I could go with you."

But Theo could not re-echo that wish just then. Her one desire was to get away from all of the old for a time, in order that she might gather herself together the more staunchly to stand any shocks that were to come. Had Harold Ffrench never spoken those words which he had spoken to her, she would have killed her love. Her pride and her modesty would have forbidden her to suffer it to so obtain in her soul without "sufficient cause." But he had spoken words that made the cause sufficient even in the judgment of those who were unblinded by love for him. She had nourished the feeling tenderly for weeks, checking all doubt of him in her own heart, and all symptoms of suspicion on the part of others. And then love and faith and hope were all torn from the heart in which they had been all too firmly rooted, and the wounds thus made were cruel.

"I hope Theo will come back with a little more color in her cheeks; I suppose the air is good at Hensley," Mrs. Leigh said, when they were sitting round the uncomfortable early breakfast-table on the morning of Theo's departure.

Mrs. Leigh was one of those prudent women who, if travellers were about to leave by an eight-o'clock train, would take care to rouse them up at five in the grey dawn, in order that they might not be hurried. Theo's pallor under the circumstances was not surprising, but she dared not ascribe it to the true cause.

"And mind that you get fat while you're away, Theo," her father chimed in. "And—there, it's time to go. I wish you were coming back, my child, instead of going."

"I shall come back in a very different case, papa—as fat and red as you can desire."

Then she went away feeling very sick at heart, and doubtful of the wisdom of the move she was making, with a miserable foreboding that flight from an inward enemy was a futile thing.

The early hours of the journey strengthened this conviction, for she was too weary to make acute observations on the beauty of the country to be reproduced conversationally at some future time. Where are the wonderful ones to be found who do mark the land through which they tear behind an express engine, indeed? Others besides love-sick young ladies are oblivious of the beauties of nature under such conditions, and only anxious to reach their goal.

But about two o'clock she did begin to bestir herself mentally and bodily, to readjust her bonnet strings by aid of a small glass deftly inserted in a fan; to wonder who would meet her at the Hensley Station, and how far the Hensley Station was from the Hensley Vicarage; to collect about her her scattered thoughts and her books and shawls, and to otherwise prepare herself for debarkation. By the time she had done this and disarranged everything again, and began to wonder if she would reach Hensley by daylight, the train rushed up to a platform that suddenly appeared between the hedges, and the guard shouted out a name that an obliging fellow-passenger immediately translated to her as Hensley.

The air felt bracing, and was bright and clear, and so inspiriting as she stepped out on the platform, and everything around, even the porters, looked clean and fresh. But it was depressing to see nothing but cleanliness and freshness—nothing that could by any stretch of imagination on her part be supposed to be specially expectant of her in this strange place. The station was the reverse of an oasis in the desert: it was a barren little ugly spot in a smiling land—a land of rippling streams and glowing plantations, and orchards in which ruddy pears and yellow bloomy plums hung thickly. But there were no houses near, as far as she could see, therefore the glories of nature were rather overlooked by her as she stood casting anxious glances around, in hopes of discovering a road that looked as if it led to the vicarage.

Before despair could become her portion, a grave-looking groom came round the corner of the station-house, and Theo, infinitely relieved, almost bounded forward to meet him, feeling that help had come in his person.

"You're the young lady for hus?" he interrogated suggestively, and Theo replying at once in the affirmative he signed for a porter "to bring along the trunk," and led the way to the back of the station, where a good-looking trap, with a fine bay horse in it, was waiting under the auspices of a small boy. Theo's thought, as she mounted up on the front seat, was,—"How imagination leads one astray; I should never have supposed Uncle Vaughan would have been guilty of such a fast trap, and such a splendid horse. What drives I'll have!"

The grave-looking groom took the reins in his hand and his place by her side, and the small boy released the bay's head, a civility which the bay immediately returned by striking at him with his near fore-leg in a playful manner. Then they went out of the station-yard, past a small pony carriage, and along a glorious country road, at a pace that made Theo feel there was much in life still.

"I should like to drive that horse; I wonder if I might?" she said at last.

The groom vouchsafing no answer to this appeal, she resolved to try command, and teach the aged servitor his proper place.

"Give me the reins. I wish to drive the rest of the way. I will explain to your master that I insisted upon it," she began, holding out her hand for the reins in a way that proved she meant to take them.

"M'lord's very particular about Bay Surrey, miss."

The groom was grave and surly still, but he was civil, only why did he bestow a title upon her uncle.

"I suppose he's an abject old servant," she thought: then she asked aloud, "how long she was to keep on straight," and dismissed the subject of the reverential mention of her relative from her mind.

"You must take the first turn to the left, then right up through the park to the 'ouse, Miss," was the answer she received to her inquiry.

The vicarage must be a finer place, she thought, than she had imagined, since it stood in a park, and she began to feel impatient to reach it, and so gently indicated the same to Bay Surrey, who met her views magnificently.

The first turning to the left was soon gained. Theo took it cleverly, and drove through handsome lodge gates, along a grand old avenue, up to the entrance door of a house that dispelled all her preconceived notions respecting Aunt Libby, and caused her to exclaim:

"Is *this* the vicarage?"

"Blees yer 'art, no; this is Maddington. Didn't you know you was coming here, miss?"

"Good gracious, there's some mistake!" Theo exclaimed confusedly. Then to her blank amaze a lady came along the terrace, which was cut in two by the carriage-drive, and said, pointing to a child who accompanied her:

"My little sister pleaded to come out and welcome you at once, mademoiselle." Then she held out her hand to Theo, who had descended from the trap in a state of bewilderment, and added:

"And I hope we shall be able to make you feel at home at Maddington."

"You are very kind, but I am afraid I have been very stupid. I left the Hensley Station under the impression that I was going to my aunt, Mrs. Vaughan."

"Oh, dear, Mrs. Vaughan! This *is* a joke!" the young lady cried. "Then you are the Miss Leigh of whom we have heard, and John has taken you for a French governess we are expecting, who must have gone on—missed the station, and gone on goodness knows where! Poor thing!" she continued, with sudden gravity. "Well, Miss Leigh," she added heartily, "we shall know you a little sooner through this mistake, that is all. I must introduce myself: I am Ethel Burgoyne, Lord Leaborough's second daughter, and this is Maddington—a dear old place, of which I trust you will see a great deal while you're staying at Hensley. Now come in and let me make you and the mistake known to the rest before Mrs. Vaughan comes to claim you, which she will do only too soon."

"You're very kind," Theo replied promptly. "Do you know, you're so kind that I can't regret the mistake!"

Then she followed the young lady along the terrace, and John did something uncalled for to the bay's bit, and declared that—

"He'd thought, that he had, that if *she* was a furriner, then never tell him nothing about their silly ways again: but this passed him, that it did!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Ladies and Dressmakers.

Mrs. Cotton (writes Mr. H. W. Lord, reporting the evidence which, as assistant-commissioner, he has been collecting for the Children's Employment Commission,) "Mrs. Cotton, when first hand at a Court dressmaker's, was several times asked by ladies late on Saturday night to let them have a dress home the first thing on Monday morning, and has taken orders at tea-time, 4 P. M., for a ball-dress to be sent home that same night, 'any time before 12 would do.'" "I remember," says another first hand, "a dress ordered at 12, fitted on at 6 P. M., finished the same night, and sent home the first thing next day. The lady who ordered it said, 'I suppose you work till 11, and begin at 6 in the morning.' She did not care how long we worked." "Women are the slave-drivers," said, of course, a male employer to me. "A lady ordered a dress last season, and was told that they must sit up all night to make it. All she said was, 'I hope it will fit.' The girls were so vexed." In another instance a jacket was ordered in the afternoon, to be worn at a meeting of "some Early Closing Association" at 2 P. M. the next day, so elaborate in its trimming as to involve the exclusive attention of several hands till past midnight. This reads almost like an invention, but it was mentioned to me with some bitterness by the person who had the order. Many of such cases, no doubt, are attributable to want of thought rather than want of feeling; many to pure ignorance; but the titled lady, who sent three times before morning service on Sunday for a dinner-dress, must have had a limited wardrobe, and not much regard for the observance of the day of rest.—*English Paper.*

MISS MARTINEAU ON MURRAY.—Lindley Murray was an American. He came to England in middle life, and remained solely for the sake of the mildness of our climate, which was rendered necessary to him by the loss of health. Under a condition of muscular weakness, which prevented his walking for the rest of his days, he contentedly gave up the usual objects and amusements of life, and humbly devoted himself to be as useful as he could from his invalid chair. His school-books spread by tens of thousands over both his native and his adopted country, and the proceeds might have made him very rich. But he thought he had enough already for his simple tastes and moderate desires, and he gave way to those who were in need the entire profits of his works. Thus, much as we have learned from his books, we may learn something better from his life.—*History of the Peace.*

☞ The arid waste of the Desert of Sahara, under the hands of enterprising Frenchmen, is to be clad with verdure, and water is to spring up in abundance to the surface wheresoever required. Five places are named where deep wells have been sunk on the artesian principle, and the result has been a flood of water to the surface, continuous and vast. Besides this, there is something for the epicure, who, on his travels, has tasted only dried meats, dates, and dried fish—for fish have come to the surface with the stream, which flows from some mysterious source beneath the crust of the earth.

☞ Our new hero, Gen. Terry, chanced upon his great fame by accident. It is said he was at Gen. Grant's headquarters the day after the news of Butler's withdrawal had been received, and, in conversation with Grant, said: "I think Gen. Butler could have taken the fort." "Do you?" said Gen. Grant; "then go and take it yourself." And he was forthwith put in command of the expedition.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

### The Shakers.

A VISIT TO THE COMMUNITY IN ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT—SHAKER WORK AND RELIGION.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Shakerville in Enfield, Connecticut, is a quiet farming community of four families or households. These households number 180 members, divided about as follows: 24 men, 120 women, and 36 children. Farming is their general business, and the preparation of seeds, herbs, extracts, apple sauce, bonnets, brooms, grain-cradles, and snow-shovels their specialities. They hold about 3,000 acres of land here in solid body, or 16⅔ acres on an average each. They keep some 500 head of domestic animals, have plain, practical houses, workshops, and barns, and, barring connubial bliss, are doubtless contented and happy. Through the courtesy of one of their leaders, we have looked in upon their homes, partaken of their salt, and gathered, as we trust, some items of general interest. The Shakers are a religious sect of about a century's growth, originating from the Quakers in Manchester, England. They first came to this country in 1774, numbering ten persons, and settled at Watervleit, N. Y. There the idea of a community of property was first broached, which has since been adopted by the Shaker families. Self-denial is their cardinal virtue. They believe in Gods, Christs, Heavens, and hells duplicated. They are non-resistants, participate in no earthly government, do not marry, live frugally and simply, and consider idleness sinful. Those who differ from them are "world's people." Their name is derived from their motions in worship, which exercise both soul and body, and consist, in part, of marches, dances, and singing. Anne Lee, the daughter and wife of a blacksmith, was the author and founder of the system. Joseph Meacham, a Baptist preacher of Enfield, Ct., was an early convert to this faith, and improved its practice. Three missionaries were sent out from Lebanon, N. Y., which is considered the parent society, having five hundred members, in 1805, into Ohio and Kentucky, and they made proselytes in those states. There are now eighteen societies, and about four thousand members in this country, divided as follows: Four in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut, two in New Hampshire, two in Maine, three in New York, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky. Each society has from two to eight households, and averages seven acres of land to each member.

The Enfield society was established in 1795, by eight persons poor and in debt. They have grown to their present form, though sometimes more prosperous in numbers than now. They are obliged to hire farm help more or less, owing to the scarcity of numbers. The middle or church family here, which doubtless represents one-fourth of the population, cultivated last year forty acres of corn, forty acres of oats, twenty-five acres of rye, besides spring wheat, vegetables, &c., and cut one hundred and fifty tons of hay. They keep about one hundred and fifty head of cattle, of which twenty-five are cows of the native Durham and Alderney grades. These animals are mostly kept at a new barn built in 1854. It is 40 by 90 feet in size, with a high and capacious manure cellar under the whole, and what is remarkable, the building is trussed up, so that in the cellar there is neither pillar nor post. The building stands on the side of a hill, the main drive-way is in the attic, and the hay is pitched down into bays on either side. Under the barn floor, and connecting with it by scuttles, is the feeding floor, and some eight feet lower are the cattle, while under all is a cellar at least twelve feet in height. Here are manufactured some five hundred loads of manure annually. The walls of the cellar are of stone, quarried under the building.

The Shakers pride themselves on their stock, and justly. They "get the best" and breed only from thoroughbred males. They feed well, but carefully avoid waste. The first thing in the morning the cows have one or two fodderings of hay, then roots sprinkled with dry meal, then they are watered, then have hay and stocks, then roots and meal as before, and lastly hay. Their young stock is kept in shedded yards, and is divided according to age and quality. They all have wide mangers and generally a rack behind, so that every spire of hay is saved.

Their horses are generally very good. We saw a fine bay breeding mare and four of her colts of various ages. Three were "Ashlands," and all sorrel, and the youngest a bay Hamiltonian filly. The Shakers eat no pork, but raise a few hogs for the Gentiles. The Shakers are posted on vegetable raising. We learned that imported radishseed was considered best; also, home-grown red and yellow onionseed. Two-thirds of the crop will be scullions if foreign seed is used. The onion maggot began to operate in Vermont and New Hampshire ten or fifteen years ago, and has gradually extended to this locality. Their remedy, which is partially effective, is half a barrel of saltpetre, one barrel of ashes, and one barrel of phosphate mixed per acre, sown upon the young crop. They sow onions in drills 14 inches apart, with French ruta bagas between, and use four pounds of onion seed to the acre. The remedy for the striped squash bug is birch charcoal dust. A better remedy, suggested by a gentleman of much experience in the agricultural trade in this city, is air-slacked lime and yellow snuff in equal parts. Put it into a sieve and rap it gently when the dew is on the plant, and the bugs will leave instanter or sneeze to death.

It is pleasant to have Shaker friends, to meet them on the street or at their homes, to see the neat, plain attire of the Shakeresses, and the demure looks of the little Shakers; to sit in their high-backed chairs and carpetless rooms and enjoy their hospitality; but one cannot resist the conviction that this is not the best way to live. We believe in families all our own. Still they point to the fact that they are the only people in the world who have maintained for seventy years a system of living, one of the fundamental principles of which is a community of property. Who ever saw a Shaker drink, or smoke, or lie, or swear, or steal? There is so much in their favor.

☞ It is related of old Dr. Burnett, that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding his defect. "My good Doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take me in you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."

☞ A company of forty three women recently attempted to flee from the bonds of Mormonism in Utah, but they were overtaken and carried back to their masters. It is said that the females in Utah are becoming so determined to escape from their degrading bondage, that a crisis in Mormon affairs will necessarily come soon. (Doubtful.)

### A Man Who Has not Slept for Over Fourteen Years.

At present there is a soldier at the Chestnut Hill Military Hospital, Philadelphia, who has not slept for a single moment for fourteen years and six months. This may seem incredible, but nevertheless it is true, and can be verified by numbers of persons. The individual is an intelligent man, naturally, and has the benefit of a moderate education. His name is C. D. Saunders, orderly sergeant of Company G, 13th Virginia Volunteers. He entered the service of the United States on December 28, 1863. He is in the forty-fifth year of his age. His health has been generally excellent during his life. In 1849 he was attacked with cholera, and since that period with lung fever on two occasions. In the summer of 1860 sleep forsook him, and since that time he has never felt the least drowsy. He has always led a temperate life. His wife and children reside in Putnam county, West Virginia. Since he entered the Union army he has been on seven raids, and in four charges, during which time he informs us that he never felt tired nor sleepy. He was in the four charges made beyond Harper's Ferry, Va., on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of last August, and yet he did not feel the least sleepy. Why it is that he cannot or does not sleep is as much a mystery to him as it is to many scientific gentlemen, who, having had their attention called to him, have been astounded in their attempts to investigate the cause.

Upon one occasion, at his request, a number of curiously-inclined gentlemen watched him for forty-two days and nights consecutively, in order, if possible, to arrive at the cause of the wonderful phenomenon. These gentlemen took turns with each other in the progress of watching, so that if he should chance to sleep it would be observed. Some of the watchers became drowsy, and it was as much as he could do to awaken them.

This singular man was sent to Philadelphia by order of the field surgeon. He was admitted into the hospital at Chestnut Hill on the 17th of November last, suffering from chronic diarrhœa and rheumatism. He has nearly recovered from his physical disability. His appetite is good, but yet he does not sleep. He retires to bed, the same as other soldiers, but he cannot sleep. He simply receives physical rest. This brief narrative of a most wonderful phenomenon may seem fabulous, but the reader is assured that it is the truth.—*Phila. Press.*

### Quizzing a Professor.

The following "supposed elegy" on the famous geologist Buckland, was written by the no less famous Archbishop Whateley, of Dublin:—

Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine the stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element under ground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and search these tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should lie his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcase let stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When he is encrusted all over;
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

This reminds us of the amusing drawing made by a friend of Dr. Buckland, as a sort of quiz upon his geological lectures at Oxford, when he was treating upon Ichthyosauri, a race of extinct fish like lizards. The subject of the drawing may be thus described: Times are supposed to be changed. Man is found only in a fossil state, while the Ichthyosauri have reappeared, and instead of Prof. Buckland giving a lecture upon the head of an ichthyosaurus, *Prof. Ichthyosaurus* is delivering a lecture on the head of a fossil man. Around the Professor, whose jaws and teeth are monstrous as compared with those of a human subject, is gathered a class of attentive listeners of the same race as himself, all anxious to learn the history of the creature to whom the curious and, in comparison to their own, diminutive skull belonged. Prof Ichthyosaurus is made thus to address his audience: "You will at once perceive that the skull before me belonged to some of the lower order of animals—the teeth are very insignificant, the power of the jaws trifling; and altogether it seems curious how the creature could have procured food."

DETECTING MURDER BY PHOTOGRAPHY.—The police authorities of Florence, Italy, are reviving the old idea of discovering murder by examining the impression made upon the retina of the murdered person's eye. An Italian woman, Amelia Spagnoli, having been murdered, her eye was photographed, and magnified, when something like a human head was observed on the impression which is said to have the general expression of the photograph of the supposed murderer. There was a great deal of doubt expressed whether the impression was that of a face at all, the cloudy outline observed being more like a human face than anything else. A large number of medical and scientific persons, artists and sculptors, took an interest in the examination. The investigation may serve to entertain the curious, but evidence founded upon such examinations would be a very unsafe reliance for a jury to act upon, so that the ends of justice probably will never be much promoted by such investigations. A murderer, by approaching his victim from behind, could prevent his crime being optically photographed, and suspicion might be thrown upon a person entirely innocent, if he was the last individual upon whom the murdered person had fixed his eyes. The idea might be a tolerably good subject for a sensation drama.

☞ The political life of Lord Palmerston has been longer than that of any statesman of the present century, at home or abroad. That of Prince Metternich lasted fifty-four years; that of the Duke of Wellington little more than forty-six years; that of Sir Robert Peel even less still. But Lord Palmerston entered the House of Commons in 1806, and has held his office, with very slight intermission, since 1807, or fifty-seven years.

EARLY to bed and early to rise
Is the way to feel stupid and have red eyes.

### "Jenkins" at the White House.

One of the editors of the Cincinnati Commercial thinks that "Jenkins" ought to describe the dress of the gentlemen, as well as that of the ladies, who attend great balls and parties. He tries his hand as follows on the gentlemen who were at the President's reception:—

"Mr. J——n Sm——h, (I must adopt the regular Jenkins style of initials only,) wore a coat and a pair of pantaloons that would do honor to any tailor's shop. The latter were a little too long, and it was the general impression that the charming wearer would have looked better had he rolled them up a little.

Mr. J—s—e had a hat of exquisite material. The block was imported for him specially. He also, like Mr. S——h, wore a coat and pantaloons. The former was of beautiful texture, and had pockets behind.

Mr. J—n—son was attired very fashionable in black broadcloth—coat and pants, together with a vest which had two pockets and a convenient place for a watch.

Mr. R—b—son wore a shirt of beautiful material, handsomely plaited in the bosom, and embroidered all round. It had just been ironed, and imparted to the wearer a very unique appearance.

Mr. B——— was remarked for the excellent pair of shoes he had on. They had just been half-soled, and made delightful music.

Mr. F——— was splendidly attired, but the article which attracted most attention was his pocket-handkerchief, which was hemmed in a remarkable manner. A slight cold in the head caused him to use it frequently.

Mr. H——— was the cynosure of all eyes, on account of the beautiful and costly buttons on his pantaloons, which differed from all others in being "flapa."

Mr S——— wore a magnificent undershirt of steel gray, with his name on the corner in indelible ink.

Mr. T——— displayed a beautiful pair of whiskers, which must have cost an immense sum. They were universally admired.

Mr. S——— wore a ring on his little finger, and the cuffs of his shirt where charmingly held in the embrace of mother-of-pearl.

Mr. W——— added, to a new costly apparel, a pair of stockings that attracted much attention. They were upheld by India-rubber garters of the finest finish.

Mr. R———, (the enterprising tallow-chandler,) was much admired for the suavity of his manner and the buttons of his vest.

Mr C———, (in the petroleum business,) was beautifully perfumed with a new article of bears' grease. He smelled very sweet.

Mr. ———, (in the dry goods line,) wore a cravat which was tied with much taste, and a standing-collar which fitted his finely formed neck with great tightness.

Mr. I———, (the celebrated spruce-beer dealer,) was the observed of all observers, on account of his boots, which were the finest calf-skin, and were said to be genuine rights and lefts.

Mr. K———, (in the orange and peanut way,) wore a costly pair of woolen mittens, knit expressly for the occasion.

Mr. M——— took the palm for mustaches. They were in a high state of waxation.

Mr. L——— made a very graceful appearance in plaids. What was chiefly remarkable about him was the beautiful color of his shirt, which was of the finest brown muslin.

Mr. N———'s finely moulded form was set off to great advantage by a pair of suspenders of the finest texture, and a beautifully starched "dickey."

Mr. V——— was splendidly attired. In addition to a coat and vest, he wore a pair of pantaloons which were buttoned with neatness and precision.

DAVIS'S LIBERALITY.—The citizens of Richmond have been holding a meeting upon the subject of peace negotiations, at which Gov. Smith and Jefferson Davis attended and made speeches. Davis's speech was very determined in its sentiment. Nothing save independence should ever receive his sanction. "Sooner than be united again, he would be willing to yield up everything he has on earth, and if it were possible, would sacrifice thousands of lives before he would succumb." This is exceedingly liberal in Davis. It almost approaches Artemus Ward in the sublimity of its sacrifice. Artemus, in the height of his patriotic fervor, has publicly expressed his willingness to allow all his wife's able-bodied male relatives to be drafted for the war.

GEN. THOMAS ABOUT MOVING HIS ARMY.—Rebel reports say that Thomas is concentrating his army on Eastport and Decatur, for a movement on Selma, Alabama. A correspondent of the Chicago Journal appears to confirm this statement. Writing from Nashville, February 3d, he says:

"I have learned that Gen. Thomas's army will move from Eastport 'on the enemy's works,' on or about the middle of next week."

He also says Thomas and Casey have a force of 30,000 cavalry, which is the largest body of troops of that kind yet employed in any one movement.

☞ The Trenton Monitor says:—"In the Mercer Court, one Charles Warts, a negro boy aged fifteen years, whose competency was doubted by the prosecutor, on account of alleged idiocy, was being questioned by him, and was asked who made him. The witness replied, with entire seriousness and deliberation, "Why, the devil made me." The answer, so unexpected and uncommon, was too much for even the dignity of the Court, and bench, bar, jury, and audience, were convulsed with laughter at this specimen of a masculine Topsy.

☞ President Lincoln attended Bishop Simpson's lecture on our "National Conflict" the other night. The Bishop's lecture marks down the discovery of California gold, the invention of the telegraph, improvements in ordnance, and many other solid things, as special providences designed by Deity to help us through with the "National Conflict," foreseen and prepared for by him. After the Bishop was through, Mr. Lincoln walked up, shook hands, and addressed him thus:—"Bishop, that was a good lecture, a very good lecture, but one thing you omitted. Among all your special providences, you never once *struck ile!*"

☞ The rebel Senate, by an almost unanimous vote, rejected the bill putting two hundred thousand negroes in the army.

☞ Sir Henry James reports that Captain Wilson and the party of English engineers who are now making a survey of Jerusalem, have discovered an arch of the Temple causeway mentioned by Josephus.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE LAND.—A writer for a Boston paper, who has visited the great falls on the Snake river, the southern fork of the Oregon, says, "the distance the whole volume of water falls in one sheet, is two hundred feet. Above there is about twenty-five to thirty feet fall before it reaches the grand fall. The width of the grand fall I should judge to be about 2 500 feet. I have visited Niagara many times, but this fall eclipses it far. Four miles further above we found another one of less note, where the water divides into two parts, and falls a distance of 167 feet." When the Pacific railroad is completed this will become a fashionable visiting place, as Niagara is now, with, however, a wider range of curiosities to attract the attention of visitors.

☞ A LUCKY INVENTOR.—The government has adopted the Hammond rifle as that for future use in the U. S. service. Mr. H., in addition to his salary as superintendent, receives $10 000 in gold, and $3 on each rifle manufactured. In such immense armies as ours, this will amount to a very large sum.

WE WOULD call the attention of our readers to Professor John S. Hart's notice of Miss Mary E. Thropp's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, at 1841 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:—

"This school is of a high order, deserving the patronage of those who wish to give their daughters advantages of a superior character. The principal of the school, whom I know well, is eminently skilful as a teacher, with large experience in her profession, and is in every way deserving of confidence and patronage. JOHN S. HART."

GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.

BALDNESS PREVENTED.

"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" NO DYE "Hair Color Restorer"
"London" "Hair Color Restorer"

The hair is renovated and strengthened and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply. Price 75 cents per bottle, or $9 the half dozen. Sold by Dr SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-eow

FURS AT COST.—Closing out the balance of our FURS. CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 21 South Second street below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

ARMY ITCH VERY PREVALENT. SURE CURE.

"Dr Swayne's All-Healing Ointment"
"Dr Swayne's All-Healing Ointment"

Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. feb18-eow

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—New styles just received at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one tablespoonful of DR T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner, also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning. For sale everywhere. B. T HANBY Agent, 64, 66, 66, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

Henry C. Kellogg, Agent, S W. corner of Chestnut and Water Sts, Philadelphia. ja28 4t

FURS AT COST.—Closing out the balance of our Furs. CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

FACTS FOR SOLDIERS.—Throughout the Indian and Crimean campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy and Fever, were HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Therefore, let every Volunteer see that he is supplied with them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 15 cents, 63 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been rather more doing in Flour this week. The sales reach 18,000 bbls at $10@10,75 for extras, $11@11,75 for extra family, and $12 to $13 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with small sales of the former at $8,75@9 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat meets with a limited demand at about previous rates, with sales of 15,000 bus at 240@250 for common to good and prime Pennsylvania and Western reds, and 260@265c for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is selling at 170@175c. Corn—Sales of 10,000 bus at 165@166c. Oats—Sales of 18,000 bus at 92c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally continues unsettled and drooping. Sales at $30@32 for Mess Pork. Dressed Hogs sell at $15@16 the 100 lbs. Mess Beef is quoted at $22@27, the latter for extra, and Beef Hams at $25 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon the sale continues limited at 20@25c for plain and fancy Hams, and 20@18c for Shoulders. Green Meats sell at 16@18c for Hams, in pickle, and 18@19½c for shoulders, in salt. Lard—Sales at 21½@21½c for barrels and tierces, and 26½@27c for kegs, as to quality. Butter is offered at 40@45c for roll, and 40@55c for packed, as to quality, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is steady at 12@23c ₱ lb. Eggs are dull at 40@45c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—There was a better feeling in the market; sales 500 bales at 80@82c for low and good middling quality.

BARK.—Sales 120 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron are reported at $50 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX is selling at 66 70c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The demand is fair for the supply of the Eastern markets. For home use there is about the usual business doing, without change in quotations.

COFFEE.—The market is heavy at 42@43c for Rio.

COPPER.—Yellow Metal at 39c ₱ lb.

FEATHERS continue dull at 75@80c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are limited and prices steady at 12@13c for Dried Apples; 20@25c for unpared Peaches, and 30@40c ₱ lb for pared, as to quality. Green Apples and Cranberries continue scarce and high.

HAY is selling at $30 ₱ ton.

HOPS.—Sales limited at 45 55c ₱ lb.

IRON is more inquired for, but with very little doing. Pig Metal, which is offered at from $40 to $55 ₱ ton, cash, for the three numbers of Anthracite.

OILS.—Petroleum continues unsettled, with rather more doing in free refined Oil at 50@60c as to lots. There is no demand for shipment, and bonded Oil is nominally held at 39 40c and crude at 48 49c.

PLASTER.—We quote soft at $3@3,50 ₱ ton.

RICE is quiet at 10@12c ₱ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS.—About 80 tons Clover seed sold at $14 75@15 50, the latter for a choice lot; Timothy ranges at $5 @ 25, and Flaxseed at $2,75@3,75 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum is quiet. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, and the sales limited at $2,33@2 35 for bbls.

SUGARS remain quiet. Sales reach some 900 hhds mostly refining, at 18½@21c for refining and grocery qualities.

TALLOW.—We quote city at 17@17½c.

WOOL.—The market is irregular and very quiet. A few small sales of Fleece are reported at about $1, and Pulled at $1, @1,15

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from $4 to $10 ₱ 100 lbs for 150 Hogs at from $17,50 to 19,00 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 12c ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₱ head.

NOTICE.

Frederick Douglass, the great colored orator, will deliver a lecture in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, Feb. 16th, at 8 o'clock. Subject, "Equality before the Law."

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.
Closing out balance of our stock at Cost.
CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
feb11-4t

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, at Christ Church, by the Rev Benj Dorr, D D, JAMES M LINNARD, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army, to SARAH J, daughter of Edmund A. Souder, Esq, both of this city.

By Friends' ceremony, on the 8th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, Wm L. CRESSON, of Norristown, to TACY F., second daughter of Dr Ibtram Corson, of Whitemarsh township, Mont. co.

On the 8th instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents SAMUEL WORTH, of Pittsburg, to MARY L., daughter of Chas. C. Jackson, of Germantown.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL HAINES, of New Jersey, to Miss KATE D HASELTS, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr WILLIS FOWLER to Miss JOSEPHINE CLARK, both of this city.

On the 30th of Jan., by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Capt GEORGE J GRAHAM, U. S. Vols, to Miss NELLIE KUHN, both of this city.

On the 2nd of Jan., 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHARLES MELLON to Miss JENNIE SHIELDS, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, WILLIAM H. ZERLEY to Miss MAGGIE GILLESPIE, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, at Germantown, ELIZA E, wife of I. J. Cope.

On the 7th instant, JOHN DRAPER, in his 86th year.

On the 6th instant, in Concord, Del. county, CASPER W. SHARPLESS, Esq. aged 59 years.

On the 6th instant, at Germantown, ESTHER MORTON wife of Daniel B Smith, in her 69th year.

On the 6th instant, JAMES KENNEDY, in his 41st year.

On the 6th instant, PENTON HAINES, in his 31st year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE BOYD, in her 72d year.

On the 5th instant, CHARLES WILLIAMS, in his 33d year.

On the 5th instant, BENJAMIN MILLER, in his 79th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, in his 60th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar13-1y

## ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
### FIRE AND LIFE OF LIVERPOOL.

Statement of condition as furnished authorities of the State of Pennsylvania, January, 1865:

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital stock | $10,000,000 |
| Paid $15 each on 95,205 shares | 1,428,075 |
| ASSETS. | |
| Real Estate | 670,502 |
| Cash on hand in bank | 90,579 |
| Cash in Branch Office, and with Agents | 76,265 |
| Loans secured by mortgages | 1,144,885 |
| Loans by Life Policies | 249,500 |
| Stocks of the United States, held in New York | 492,950 |
| Stocks of the United States, held in England | 700,300 |
| Stocks of the United States held as collateral security for loans with margin of 15 to 49 per cent. | 2,502,637 |
| In gold | $5,999,611 |
| LIABILITIES. | |
| Losses not paid | $30,737 |
| " contested, none | |
| Dividends declared not paid | 1,910 |
| Amount of all other claims against the Company, one quarter Gov'ment duty, | 80,984 |
| | $113,631 |
| INCOME OF THE COMPANY. | |
| Cash Premiums (Fire), March | $1,871,200 |
| Cash Interest Money (Fire), March | 98,576 |
| Cash Income from other sources | 21,661 |
| | $1,991,437 |
| EXPENDITURES. | |
| Losses paid during the year | $1,098,975 |
| Dividends declared | 185,000 |
| Expenses, including commission of agents, taxes | 577,656 |
| | $1,771,231 |

GEORGE WOOD, Agent,
236 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

## THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK
### OF PHILADELPHIA.
FINANCIAL AGENT AND DEPOSITARY OF THE UNITED STATES,

Receives subscriptions for the
NEW THREE-YEARS
7 30-100 TREASURY NOTES,
Which are convertible at maturity into
SIX PER CENT. 5-20 BONDS.
W. RUSHTON, JR.,
jan28-4t CASHIER.

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."

Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c, are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best quality at first prices. M B DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

## AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE

An invention urgently needed by everybody, or sample sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $5 easily, by R L WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1 sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R G GRAHAM,
feb27-1f 109 Nassau street, New York City.

## Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

# U.S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of the United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent, including gold interest from November which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent per annum, besides its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to
One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
Twenty cents per day on a $1000 note.
One Dollar per day on a $5000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $200,000 000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next sixty or ninety days when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
feb18-4t PHILADELPHIA.

## B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of gold and silver medals (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, sep13-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

PURE CANE SEED.—FOR SALE.—Choice lots of the best varieties (early and late) of Sorgo and Imphee Seed, selected by ourselves, and warranted to be pure.

Orders for seed should be sent in early. *Seed Circular*, and *Sorgo Hand Book* sent free.

BLYMYER BATES & DAY,
Manufacturers of *Cook's Evaporator*,
Cane Mills, &c, &c, Mansfield, Ohio.

## Decidedly the Best Instruction Book
FOR THE ORGAN, IS
"ZUNDEL'S MODERN SCHOOL,"

Which meets the student after he has obtained a moderate knowledge of the Elements of Music, and of the Key Board of the Organ, and conducts him through all the details of Fingering, Touch, Stops, Pedal Playing, etc, to a full and Complete Mastery of the Instrument. Price in Paris, each $1,75. Complete $4. on receipt of which copies will be mailed, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & Co,
feb18-tf Publishers, Boston.

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$21 TO $30 A DAY.—AGENTS WANTED to sell the CHAMPION (#16) SEWING MACHINE, *Single or double thread*, making the stitch alike on both sides. We will pay $100 per month or give a commission at which the above wages can be made. For particulars, address with stamp, JOSEPH CLIFF,
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## ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by Mrs BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

*From the New York Evening Post.*

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree, that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

*From Godey's Lady's Book.*

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has a master mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

*From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.*

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.
jan14-tf

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| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 105 |
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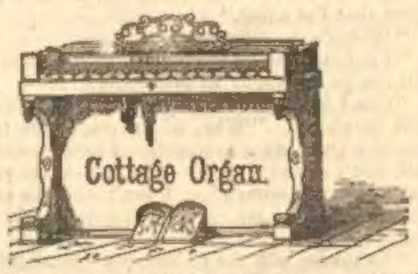


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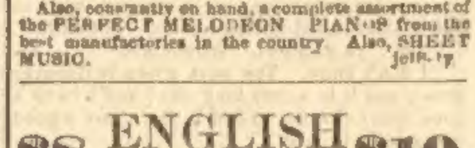


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$125 A MONTH!—WANTED!—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere to introduce the *new Shaw & Clark Sixteen Dollar Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co. and Bachelder. Salary and expenses or large commissions allowed. *All* other Machines now sold for less than forty dollars *such* are *infringements*, and the seller and *user liable*. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

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# WIT AND HUMOR.

### Search for "An Over-coort."

Mr. Griff is a quiet, stay-at-home sort of a body, much in the house, gown, cap, and slippers, and wishes everybody else would stay at home and mind their business, and not bother him by asking questions at his door.

An elderly pilgrim from Erin's isle summoned him to his door the other day, not by pulling the bell, but by two or three peremptory raps with a cudgel, a bit of blackthorn as severe-looking as its bearer, whose authoritative look and impetuous manner were not at all pleasing to Mr. Griff, who judged at a glance, by his style of dress and unmistakably Irish cast of face, that he had "just come over."

"Can ye tell me'v nover-coort?" was the sudden and unintelligible question of the bearer of the cudgel, with a scornful and fiery glance at the cross-looking Griff, rapping the steps with his stick, to denote he was in a hurry.

"What do you say?" said Griff, bending his head to hear more distinctly.

"'V nover-coor-r-t!" said Pat, louder, and with a scowl that showed that he did not like the looks of Griff at all, and was ready to quarrel with him at short notice. "Can ye?"

"I don't understand you," replied Griff, impatiently. "Speak plainer."

"Begorra! and isn't it me that's spaking plain, so I am. Are you deaf?"

"No—and you needn't speak quite so loud. Hearing and understanding are different things, and I don't understand what you would be at."

This cavalier speech exasperated the man still more, and did not have the effect of clearing his articulation.

"It's 'v nover-coort that I'd be larnin—ov nover-coor-rut! and be jabbers! if ye can't understhand that, yer head must be tick as a pig."

"An overcoat? Oh, now I see! You want me to give you an overcoat. But, my dear man, I don't see that you stand in particular need of an overcoat this hot weather—nor an undercoat, neither. The coat you have on isn't exactly rags, and is well enough for a poor man."

"Howly Moses! The devil take yer shtupidity! It isn't ov over-coort, but ov an over-coort that I'm axing."

"Where's the diffurence?"

"I'm not axing ye to give me an over-coort; but can ye tell me ov an over-coort?"

"Can I tell you of an overcoat?" said Griff, still perplexed. "Why, of course, I can tell you of a great many overcoats. I have two myself, and I intend to keep them. Perhaps you have lost an overcoat, but I don't see why you should come to me. I haven't got it. Go to the police."

"To tunder wid the pa-lace, yer blundherin' omadhoun, yer! I've towld ye it's not a coort for me back I'm afther, but an over-coo-oo-oorrt, a shmarl shtrait."

"Small street? Oho! Now I know. When you say 'an over-coort, you mean you want to find a place called Hanover court. Is that it?"

"Jist! ye wise owl. Where is it?"

"I don't know. The next street is Hanover street, and it is a very long one; you'll have a good many chances to find it there, and a good many more to miss it."

And Griff shut the door quickly, to escape the stick shied at him by the infuriated Irishman.

### "Charge it to Father."

A dry goods dealer, well known in the vicinity of Broadway, and somewhat prominent for his various shakes and jerks when he promenades the streets, was on a foraging expedition a few days since in the Centre market. Seeing a buxom Sucker girl in the distance, he approached her, seized her hand, and exclaimed, with much warmth:

"How do you do, my dear young friend? how is your father and mother? when did you leave home? Ah, excuse me, I have forgotten your name, but I stayed all night at your father's house a year ago. (Her father had been dead for ten years.) Perhaps you don't recollect me. My name's ———; my store is on Broadway; call on me—I shall be happy to sell you some bargains," and leaving his card in her hand, our man of tape departed.

Not long afterwards appeared the not very green young lady, who selected goods to the amount of twenty dollars, and picking them up was about leaving, when the polite shopkeeper and friend of the family exclaimed:

"Excuse me, miss, you have forgotten the bill."

"Oh, no," replied Miss Sucker, "please charge it to father."

Utterly confounded, our long friend suffered verdancy in muslin to leave with the bill unpaid.

### "The Way you Always Stopped."

The Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train, smashing one of the cars, killed several passengers, and upset things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*,) with a very placid expression of countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summerault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way.

"Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor.

"Hurt! why?" said the old lady.

"We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured."

"Law me! I didn't know but that was *the way you always stopped.*"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A bookseller in Philadelphia lately received an order from the country for a book called "In a Garden." He sent what was desired—Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," which the rural bibliopole having heard somewhat hastily pronounced, understood to mean what she wrote. Washington Irving used to make his friends merry about an English book seller who ordered "The Earl of Hamboro," instead of "The Alhambra."

☞ A wag the other day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other; "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon including yourself?"

RUDE INQUIRY.

STREET ARABS.—"Hoo curls yer hair, Gov'nour?"

### A Model Sportsman.

A Paris correspondent tells the following story:—"Coming home to Paris by railway last Sunday evening, I found myself *tete-a-tete* with a good-natured Parisian, who was dressed in a most elaborate sporting costume. He wore a thick dark-green jacket, conspicuous on account of its large brass buttons with stag's heads thereon. His boots were a sort of leather overalls, reaching up to the hips. A broad strap over the breast was attached to a very large net game-bag, and a knife as long as a small sword in a smart scabbard was secured by another band. He carried a gun in a leather case, and was also provided with an umbrella, and a flask, which he continued to remove from one pocket to another pocket, as if he never could get it in the right place. He was a man about fifty years of age, with pallid features, which told of city life, and there was an air of sadness on his countenance anything but indicative of the 'jolly sportsman.' My travelling companion informed me that it is now a custom in Paris for half-a-dozen commercial men like himself to join and pay, say 1,000f., for permission to shoot for the season over an estate not too far from Paris. Rabbits, now and then a partridge and hare, and small birds, appear to be the sort of game generally found, and that, too, in no great abundance. The costume and the trip on the rail appear to be the main attractions. My companion was in a melancholy mood, and declared he was getting too old for a sportsman. He intended to give it up, for his sporting ended in nothing but colds and satirical observations from his wife. In a very solemn tone he continued:—'Permettez que je deboutonne' (and, having done so, made a clean breast of it). 'I was dragged into this sporting business. I never admired it, like a good many other people who do things they don't like from pride and vanity; so I come down now and then and pass a miserable day. I was obliged to take an early train (five o'clock) to get to Royon. I was attacked by two dogs going to our rendezvous. It rained heavily. Not one of my companions joined me. I stood under a tree, opened the umbrella, and tormented myself with thinking how much happier I should be breakfasting in a *cafe* at Paris. I remained in the rain all day as a painful duty. I did not even see a rabbit. This hare I got from a friend. If I go home with an empty bag, my wife is nagging at me all the week. Now, look what trouble this innocent hare gets me into. I must pay eight sous entrance-duty into Paris. That may keep me twenty minutes at the octroi-office. When I get home (for I'm late) I shall doubtless hear a few observations about cockney sportsmen, and perhaps a doubt expressed whether I have left Paris at all to-day. In these times women are full of suspicion——I'll give it up.' Whilst convincing himself that such was the wisest resolution he had ever made in his life, the train stopped, and we had reached Paris. Shaking hands, he exclaimed mournfully, 'You've no gun and hare to carry, and perhaps no wife at home. Ah! la! la! la!'"

### Happiness.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after Happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

☞ What is "Humble Pie?" Mr. C. W. Smith's "Clerical Elocution" gives the following explanation on this subject:—"Humble Pie" is an incorrect spelling of "umble-pie," a pie made of "umbles," plural noun, meaning a deer's entrails. To eat "umble-pie" is to eat the poorest dish.

☞ "Will you have it rare, or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I love it well done ever since I am in this country," replied Pat; "for it was rare enough we used to ate it in Ireland."

### Bride and Groom a Century Ago.

To begin with the lady: Her locks we restrained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches' elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and portentous frills worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

☞ In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country house there happen to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please not pluck the flowers without leave." Some wag got a paint brush and added an s to the last word.

# USEFUL RECEIPTS.

INDESTRUCTIBLE INK.—A recipe for a new method of indestructible ink is given in one of the German scientific journals. The ink is composed of twenty grains of sugar dissolved in thirty grains of water, to which is added a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid. Upon heating this mixture the sugar becomes carbonized, and when applied to the paper, leaves a coating of carbon which cannot be washed off. This stain is rendered more permanent by the decomposing action of the acid itself upon the paper, and when thus made, it resists the action of chemical agents.

WATER-PROOF COMPOSITION FOR LEATHER.—One-half pound tallow, two ounces beeswax, two ounces olive oil, four ounces hog's lard. Melt the materials by a gentle heat. Rub the mixture on the leather a few hours before using. It should be rubbed on new boots or shoes two or three times before using them. By adding a small quantity of lamp-black and increasing the quantity of beeswax, an excellent *black-ball* is obtained.

TO GILD WITHOUT GOLD.—Take dry saffron, in powder, with an equal quantity of yellow orpine, well purified of its earthy particles, grind all well together and put it to digest in hot stable manure for three weeks. At the end of that time you may use it to gild whatever you please. This preparation answers all the purpose of gold leaf.

BROWN BREAD.—Take one quart of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, and half cup of molasses. Mix and steam over a kettle of boiling water for three hours, and then bake for half an hour. This makes very excellent bread, which is not unwholesome to be eaten when warm, as is raised bread.

APPLE POTTAGE.—Take ripe apples carefully pared and cored, and put them in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or quince intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough, and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night, and it will make a delicious dish for breakfast.

POTATO YEAST.—Six potatoes boiled and mashed, one cup flour, one-half cup sugar, tablespoonful salt. Turn to this one pint boiling water, then one pint cold water. Raise it with a cup of yeast. Set it in a warm place, and it will rise frothing in a few hours. It is now ready for use. Set it in a cool place. It will keep only a few days.

STARCH POLISH.—Take equal parts of white wax and spermaceti; melt them together, and run them into thin cakes on plates. A piece the size of a cent added to a quart of prepared starch gives a lustre to the clothes, and prevents the irons from sticking.

### Flowers in India.

FROM THE LETTER OF AN ENGLISH LADY.

The gardens I have seen in India are not to be compared with those at home; one sees here nothing of the gorgeous blaze of flowers which make our gardens so gay. At present the poinsettia is the showiest flower to be seen; it grows very freely, and its flowers, or rather its bunch of crimson leaves surrounding the flowers, form a brilliant contrast to the rich green of the other plants. The great art here in gardening is to water well, and the flower-beds are generally surrounded with little canals for this purpose; but the most valued flowers are kept in pots. We have plenty of roses here in December: they smell very sweet, but are of a poor, thorny kind, and there is no variety. I mentioned this to a gentleman who is fond of his garden, when he begged to tell me that he himself had six kinds. This would not make our gardeners at home very proud; and I think you could produce at least ten times as many in your garden, though it is but a small one. The palms were the first novelty that struck me as we approached the shore of India, and they have still a charm, though no longer new: there are so graceful, so picturesque, so unlike their poor, miniature representatives in hot-houses at home. They are of various kinds: the prettiest, I think, are the date-palms, with their long drooping, feathery foliage; but they are not at all like those we saw in Egypt, and are valued here, not for their fruit, but for their juice. It is amusing to see the natives climbing up the stems like monkeys, in the evenings, to take down a pot of juice. It must be no easy matter to get up, for some kinds of palms have very tall, straight, smooth stems. The sap soon ferments, and is made into an ardent spirit; it is also used to raise bread.

☞ Light infantry movements—Agitating a cradle with a baby in it.

# AGRICULTURAL.

### Eggs in Winter.

A successful manager of fowls tells in the Country Gentleman how he gets eggs in winter, from his fowls. He keeps feed and *clean water* within their reach constantly, also shells or bones pounded, or old mortar; grass, cabbage or other vegetables, of which they are fond, boiled potatoes, turnips, or the peelings of them, and scraps from the table daily. The potatoes and turnips boiled with coarse Indian meal, or corn and oats ground together, and fed cold or partially so, *never hot;* scrap meat that comes from the tallow chandler's or pork butcher's in cakes, is good; make a hole, basin-like, into a cake, and fill it with water, which affords them drink and softens the scrap so as to make it palatable to them. When they have picked it to pieces, soak or boil the refuse with meal, and feed it the same as potatoes, etc. The fowls have warm, clean, airy quarters. The letter closes as follows:—"Remember that hens are only *machines* for making eggs, and like the mill for making flour, if the grain is not put into the hopper, the flour will not come out. As the grain is to the hopper, so are the feed, water, vegetables, lime, pounded shells, bones, etc., to the hens."

WHEN YOUR FLOUR.—A friend of ours recently bought a barrel of flour for thirteen dollars and a half. On opening it and filling a firkin which he knew held forty pounds, he noticed that about a quarter of the barrel had been taken out. That induced him to weigh the whole, which he did carefully, and the result was 178 pounds, or *eighteen pounds short of the legal weight!* Then he measured the barrel and found it to measure far less cubic inches than a flour barrel ought to have. We believe it was the "Mills" brand. In these times of high prices it becomes purchasers to be on their guard against imposition and the only sure way is the scales. The tare of a flour barrel is 20 pounds. The whole weight should be 216 pounds.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CO-OPERATIVE FARMS IN ENGLAND.—We regard the following statement of great significance, as indicating a most hopeful improvement in the condition of farm-laborers in England:

"Mr. John Gardon, Assington, Suffolk, writes to the Social Science Association, that in 1829 he let a farm of one hundred acres to a company of twenty farm-laborers on certain conditions, among which he agreed to furnish capital for its cultivation without interest. After a few years all the capital lent was repaid, and now, 'owing to the energy and unwearied attention of the local clergy who act as directors,' the company has upwards of £25,000 on hand. A second experiment of the same kind, established a few years later, has been scarcely less successful."

TAN-BARK FOR POTATOES.—A gardener at Troyes, "having observed that everybody living in the quarter of the town occupied by tanners escaped the cholera, determined to try the virtue of tan when planting potatoes. For this purpose he placed a shovelful of tan in the trench under the seed in a part of the field, and planted the remainder in the ordinary way. On digging out the potatoes he found that those which were planted near the tan were perfectly sound, while the others were diseased. He found, further, that potatoes were preserved in the winter by spreading tan on the floor of the storehouse."

PEARS, RIPENING OF PEARS.—To illustrate the importance of the proper ripening of pears, a story was told at the late session of the American Pomological Society about a gentleman's buying a crop of the Winter Nells of a neighboring farmer who said he had fed it to his hogs for thirty years. The gentleman bought the farmer's crop of pears, took them home, stored them in his cellar, piling potatoes over them. When ripened, he sent his farmer friend a half dozen of them, who was so pleased with their rich flavor that he soon came over to see Mr. P———, and get grafts of that new variety of pears he had sent him.

HOPS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—To save the trouble and expense of separate poles to each hill, some hop-growers have adopted the plan of stretching wires from side to side of the field, to support twines or smaller wires up which the vines are trained. We find in the Tribune a report of some remarks on hop-raising made before the New York Farmers' Club, in which it is stated that a field of six acres trained upon wires was all killed by a single flash of lightning.

# THE RIDDLER.

### Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in foot, also in mouth.
My 2d is in north, also in south.
My 3d is in east, also in west.
My 4th is in worst, also in best.
My 5th is in straw, also in grain.
My 6th is in wind, also in rain.
My 7th is in iron, also in wire.
My 8th is in rest, also in tire.
My 9th is in early, also in late.
My 10th is in crooked, also in strait.
My 11th is in youth, also in yore.
My 12th is in after, also in before.
My 13th is in dark, also in fair.
My 14th is in single, also in pair.
My 15th is in carriage, also in cart.
My 16th is in cease, also in start.
My 17th is in boat, also in mast.
My 18th is in present, also in past.
My 19th is in hollow, also in hill.
My 20th is in noisy, also in still.
My 21st is in black, also in pale.
My 22d is in rain, also in hail.
My 23d is in drive, also in lead.
My 24th is in plenty, also in need.
My 25th is in low, also in loud.
My 26th is in poor, also in proud.
My 27th is in laugh, also in sigh.
My 28th is in distant, also in nigh.
My 29th is in water, also in sea.

My whole was one of the grandest exhibitions ever held in this country.

J. L. SINGLETON.

### Triple Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A kind of meat.
A girl's name.
A Latin word, meaning *vigor.*
An adjective, meaning *quick,* or *sorry.*
A town of Northern Italy.
A city of Ohio.

My initials, centrals, and finals, form three boys' names. S. HORACE G.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a boy's nickname.
My second is an interjection.
My third is a pit.
My whole is a town in the United States.

EVA.

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a preposition, or part of the infinitive *e.*
My second is a means of ingress and egress.
My whole was a house of English sovereigns. CHAL.

### Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a shoemaker's tool.
My second is a measure and a weight.
My whole is a thriving city of Illinois.

*Cincinnati, O.* S. HORACE G.

### Mensuration Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The outside surface of the front and hind walls of a house are each 702 square feet, and the surface of the walls back, at a right angle with the front wall, is 504 square feet in each, (the part constituting the gables not counted.) Now what is the outside length, breadth and height of the walls of this house, provided the four walls enclose an area of 1170 square feet within their outward surface?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

*Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two positive integral numbers whose sum shall be a cube, and the sum of their squares a cube.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a grindstone, 36 inches in diameter, and weighing 5 cwt., make 750 revolutions in one minute, what is the centrifugal force or tendency it has to burst? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why cannot a man be comfortable or present a good appearance when well-dressed? Ans.—Because he is in a *fit.*

☞ In what sty ought a monarch to feel "at home?" Ans.—In his maje-sty.

☞ What tables may be very easily swallowed? Ans.—Vege-tables.

☞ What vice is generally indulged in, even by the most scrupulous? Ans.—Advice.

☞ What dress conveys the best impression? Ans.—Ad-dress.

☞ What dress is most acceptable to an "injured individual?" Ans.—Re-dress.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Christopher Columbus. RIDDLE—A Mother's Love. CHARADE—Christian, (Christ, I, An.) CHARADE—Stayton.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA—"Seek peace, and pursue it."—Ps. xxxiv. 14.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. S ibboleth, | Judg. xii. 6. |
| 2. E sther, | Esth. ii. 17. |
| 3. E n-hakkore, | Judg. xv. 19. |
| 4. K ilah, | 1 Sam. xxiii. 5. |
| 5. P urah, | Judg. vii. 11. |
| 6. E lijah, | 2 Kings, ii. 11. |
| 7. A himelech, | 1 Sam. xxi. 6. |
| 8. C ushi, | 2 Sam. xviii. 21. |
| 9. E lah, | 2 Kings, xv. 30. |
| 10. A bsalom, | 2 Sam. xv. 6. |
| 11. N aaman, | 2 Kings, v. 11. |
| 12. D aniel, | Dan. i. 6. |
| 13. P hebe, | Rom. xvi. 1. |
| 14. U rijah, | 2 Kings, xvi. 10. |
| 15. R ahab, | Josh. ii. 4. |
| 16. S amuel, | 1 Sam. xxviii. 11. |
| 17. U zzah, | 2 Sam. vi. 7. |
| 18. E liezer, | Gen. xv. 2; xxiv. 2. |
| 19. I thai, | 2 Sam. xv. 21. |
| 20. T ertullus, | Acts, xxiv. 1. |